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The Gift of Friends

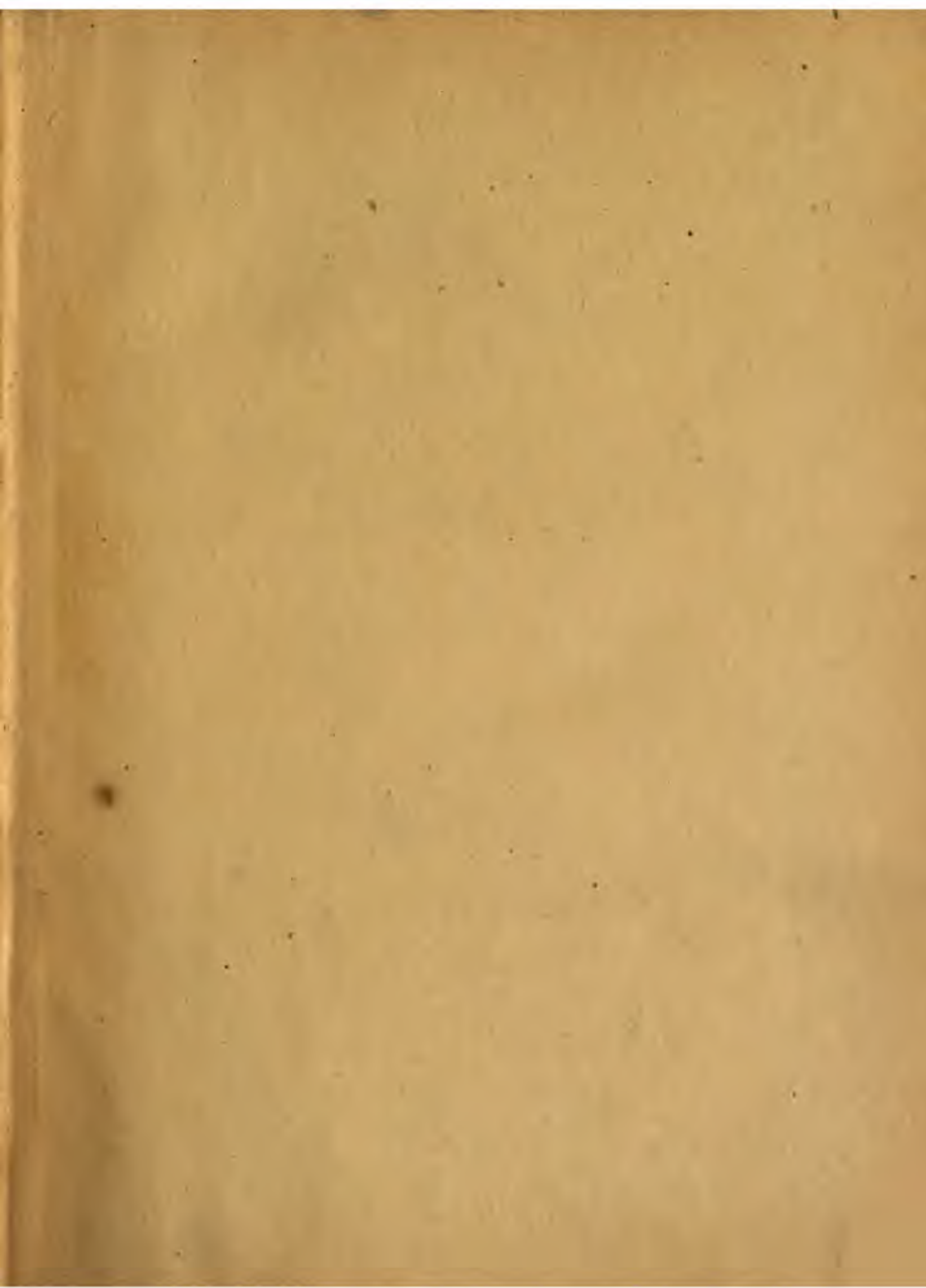
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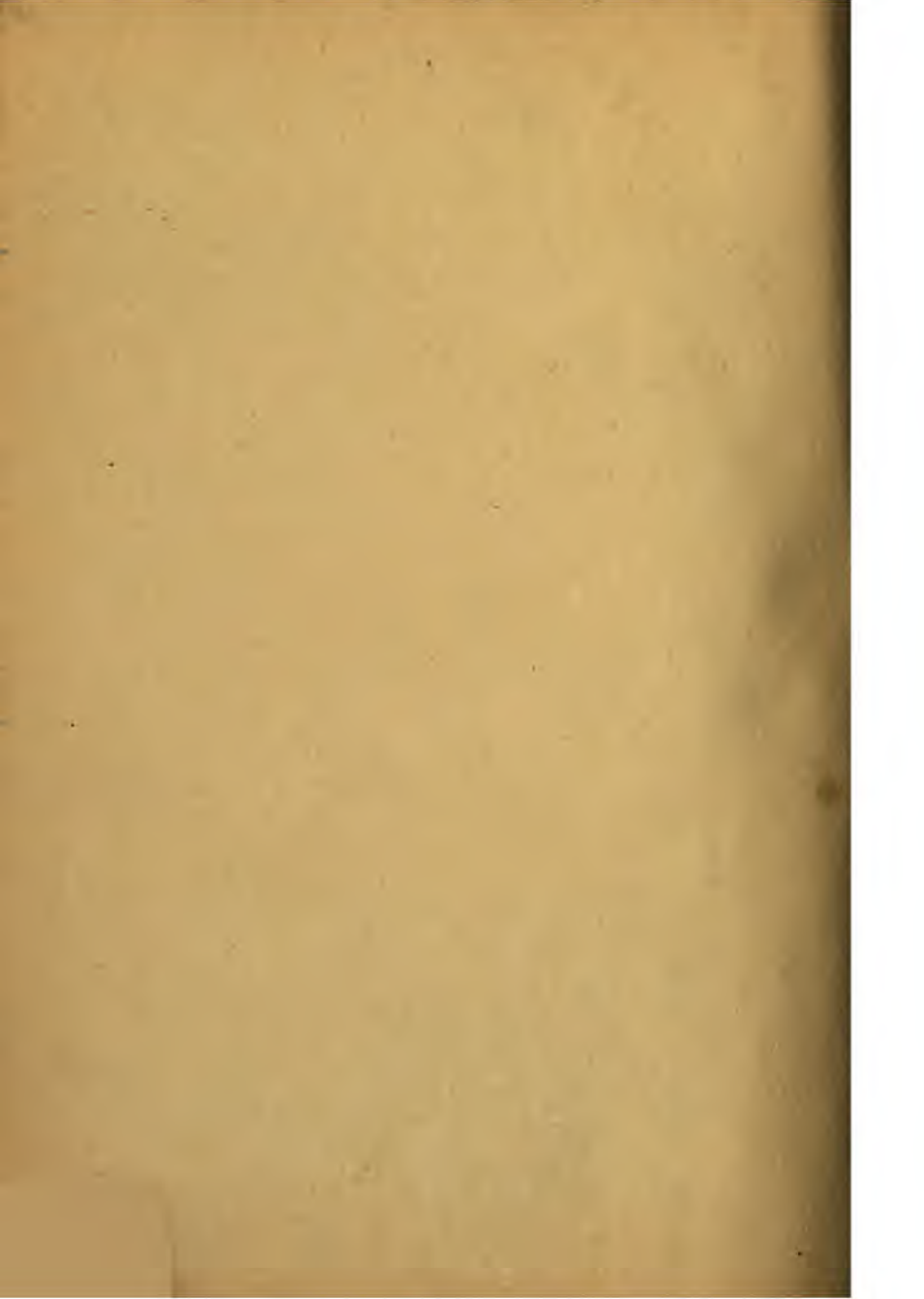
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A TRIP TO
DURING

A MEDIC







"Another young officer, in different uniform." (See page 35.)

A Trip to Germany

During Wartime

BY

A Medical Free-Lance

NEW YORK

1915

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CHAPTER I.

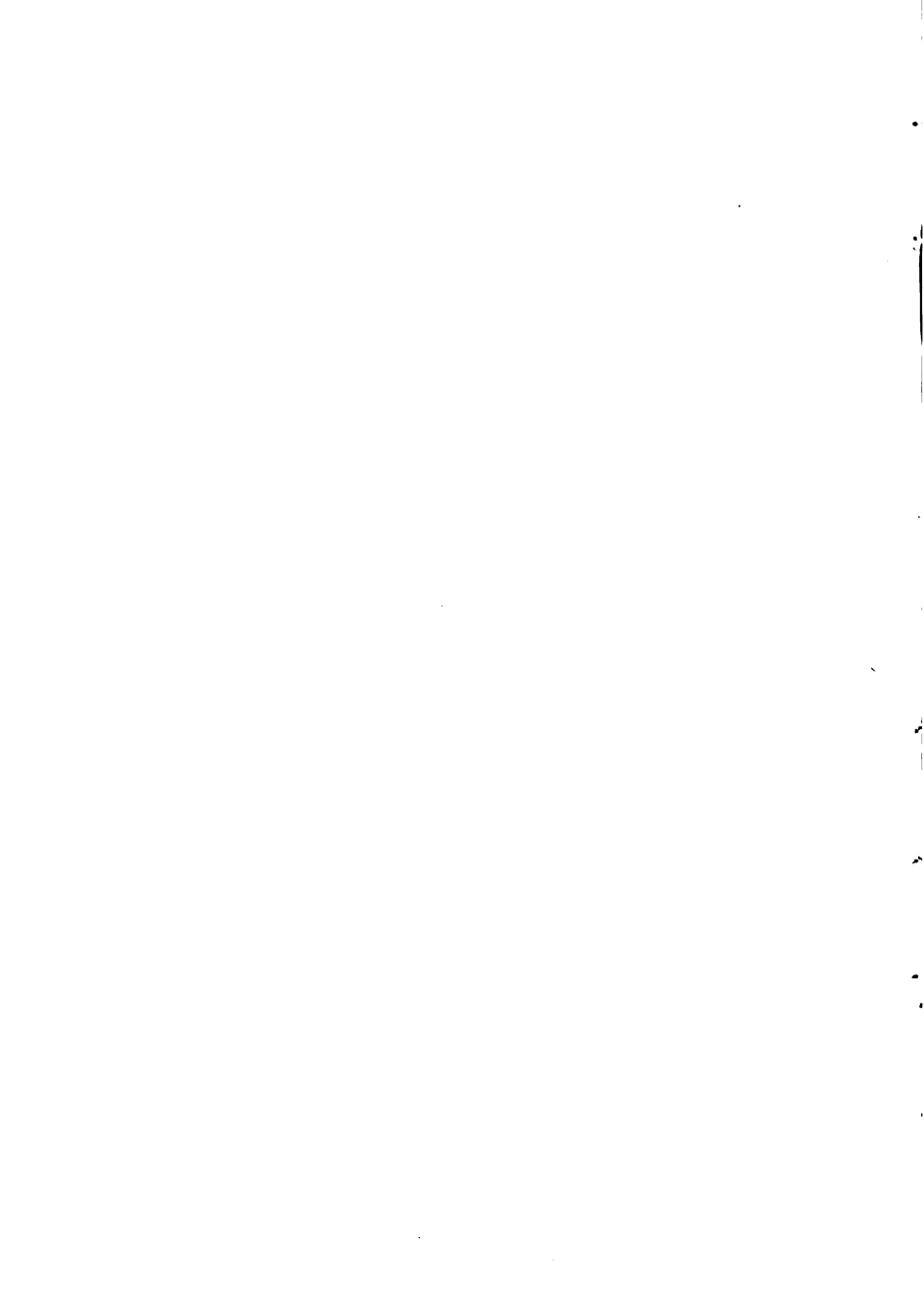
To My Wife

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A Trip to Germany During Wartime

I

FELLOW TRAVELLERS

THE Dutch steamer *Botherdam* had the blue peter at her foremast on a bright morning of September, 1914, ready to leave her Hoboken pier at noon with thirty first class passengers, among them six women,—but no children.

There were no relatives and friends of the travellers to bid them good-bye, for no one was allowed aboard without a passport. The band did not play. There was no band. No crowd, no laughter, no flowers, no small flags to wave and no loud word spoken. Instead whispers, sober faces, furtive glances, empty corridors and many empty staterooms. The whole show looked like the preparation for a funeral, but a disorderly one, for my steamer trunk had disappeared.

During the two hours after the announced time of departure, while the captain waited for the appearance of a certain diplomat (who was to be a passenger), an extensive search on the wharf and in the rooms of the ship made by the cabin steward and his chief, at last resulted in finding the trunk in a corner of the second class dining room with its face to the wall.

Great Rabin, most famous of all chief stewards of the North German Lloyd (now on a vacation), if this had occurred on one of your boats your hair would have risen and possibly turned grey! So would that of the most famous quarantine expert, Robert Koch, if he had seen the subordinates of the Health Officer of the port of New York, attempt to disinfect the baggage of the passengers on the forward deck of the steamer *Elbe*, on October 2, 1892, by scrubbing the outer surfaces of the trunks with brushes dipped in carbolized soap water to prevent the Asiatic cholera, then prevalent in Hamburg, from taking root in New York. But no, on second thought, there would have been no ascending of hair, for both of these famous men were bald-headed.

The expected diplomat did not appear and the *Botherdam* started without him. A check returned by his bank with the remark 'insufficient funds,' had detained him. Nothing to that, for no doubt other members of his profession will have a similar experience before and after this war is over.

Of course, I was shocked by the behavior of my trunk. After hanging up my clothes and distributing the photographs of my family about the room to make it look homelike, I examined it. The patches were all there and the lock worked.

"What caused you to behave like this?" I addressed the trunk. "You came into my service twenty-two years ago, you have crossed the Atlantic thirty odd times since, you have been in Mexico when Diaz was still in command there, you have been in many tight places and you have been patched so often that but little of your original hide is left. You are an aristocrat among trunks! Possibly, you were spoiled last summer when strapped to the automobile which took my wife over the Dolomites in the Austrian Tyrol and over the mountain passes along the Italian border, which I had crossed afoot and awheel in the company of a young Prussian army officer, two years before. Did you hide because this boat is not a German ocean grey-hound, or did you intend to remind me that you and I were too old for the job ahead of us? Not so! Easy times have gone. This is wartime, of which you know nothing."

At lunch, outside of Sandy Hook, I was seated in the midst of five of the half dozen women in our cabin. Two of these, the Misses Krueger, were sisters-in-law of a well-known New York surgeon returning to their home in Berlin; the third, Mrs. Barens, an American of Anglo-Saxon origin, who had been detained by the war while visiting her parents in New Jersey, was returning to her German husband and children; to my left, the only young girl in the company, Miss Whiet-

ing, with brown eyes and graceful poise and figure, crossing to meet her sick mother in Rotterdam, and to my right the primmest, best dressed and best humored white-haired woman I had ever met at sea or on land, Mrs. Luebben. She had made a tour of our little globe, had heard of the war while in Alaska and was hurrying to her home in Hannover, Germany, because her two sons were officers in the army. When, during the small talk of a first mutual meal, I had admitted that my sixtieth birthday had been passed, she lifted her finger and announced: "I can beat you; I'm sixty-five!"

In the smoking room a fat but distinguished looking Dr. Auer, with American clothes and diploma, going over to do Red Cross work armed with an Austrian passport, and a bespectacled Kalamazoo lawyer, Mr. Vandal, with a shrill voice and an American passport, joined me while sipping coffee. They were surprised to learn that I had no Red Cross connections, more so when I dropped into German to relieve them and my ears of their painful accents, but appeared completely puzzled when, after using the Saxon, the Suavian and the Austro-Hungarian dialects during the conversation, I concluded the interview with a story given in the Irish brogue. They had introduced me to the third medical passenger, a Dr. Lange of Weimar, Germany, who had come from Paraguay, South America, to answer the call of

his country. Tall, blond, bright and thirty, full of fun and well-mannered, he, like Mr. Vandal and Dr. Auer never conversed with me again until the *Botherdam* dropped anchor at the Hook of Holland.

There were Mr. Berkely Freeman a fruit grower from California; two strapping Anglo-Saxon Canadians in the Dutch East India service going back to their work in Batavia, after a six months' vacation; an officer of the American army, Captain McManemy, bound for Vienna to study Austrian artillery in action, and Mr. Culbertson from South Carolina, a cotton merchant who had spent the last fifteen years in Bremen. He had taken his wife and young boys to his Southern home at the outbreak of the war and was returning with a suitcase, to wind up his European business for the time being. We learned from him (a young man of thirty) that Bremen imported more American cotton than any other port on earth. He was one of the very few Anglo-Saxons I had met who could speak correct German, but he had been at school in Bremen.

By common consent the fellow passenger best informed on international topics of trade, travel and present conditions in most countries was Mr. Praetor, an American fur trader having a branch business in Leipzig, Germany, a large man in English clothes, with a sharp, clean-shaven face.

His only son, aged nineteen, had been detained in Russia at the outbreak of the war.

"Yes, I shall have to go for the boy by way of Sweden," he remarked coolly. "We have many friends in Russia. They and money will release him. The rubel is omnipotent there, like the dollar in America."

Besides a few commercial travellers representing large American concerns, and half a dozen Hollanders (among them an ex-admiral of the Dutch navy), one more passenger appeared noteworthy, Mr. Bruck, a Bolivian with tanned skin and dark eyes, in South American clothes. During the many hours spent in the smoking room, the Bolivian invariably sat among the German-Austrian passengers, staring blankly into space, unless addressed in Spanish. He drank no liquor, wine or beer, and he always appeared bareheaded. And he did not smoke, a fact which made me think.

The conversation at our table, with the first officer of the ship in our midst, was conducted in German, English and French. The big, good-natured seaman answered in either tongue, but Miss Whieting insisted on answering in English, although her pronunciation reminded me of the dialect of that part of Brooklyn formerly called Williamsburgh.

The ship's surgeon, Dr. Shields, an American who had spent some years at sea in the service

of the Holland-America Line, was a handsome, well-bred man of thirty-five, who treated his elder colleague in the best manner possible. Like most of our fraternity he had a hobby, a farm on Long Island, where his wife raised fancy animals from donkeys down to dogs and pigeons, instead of children. Daily he presented his patients to his colleague, thereby whiling away many an hour of this long voyage. To my astonishment I found that when he conversed with his patients in Dutch, I understood this better than the Bavarian and Swiss dialects.

The gait of Captain McManemy on deck betrayed his West Point training readily, but he spoke English only. How he had been able to gain information during the French army manoeuvres, which he had attended the year before, and could profit on the battlefields of Austria without conversation seemed so mysterious, that I jocularly offered to give him lessons, which he accepted with alacrity. He, the typical modern warrior trained to destroy human enemies in scientific manner, and I, trained to destroy the parasites in human beings, understood one another well, although he never asked me to answer a single medical question, nor I a military one of him. His parents were born in Ireland and he proved to have the linguistic talent of his race to a marked degree.

II

FISHY-EYES

THE steward in charge of my room had sparse yellow hair, a short, stocky figure and light-blue, fishy eyes. It took him three days to go through my baggage and clothes in search for contraband and compromising papers, because he could only do this safely while I was bathing at 6:30 A. M. I chuckled in the water, thinking how hard the scoundrel was working to earn pin money, and all in vain. On the fourth day out my belongings had not been touched, but every nook and corner of the room including the life-preservers and mattress, had been thoroughly overhauled. Even some glass bottles containing drugs, standing in the rack, had been opened.

That afternoon I awoke with a start from my accustomed mid-day nap, and found Fishy-Eyes standing beside my bed. He had attempted to inspect the papers I carried on my person, for those left in my trunk he was well acquainted with by this time.

"Hallo, what's the row?" I inquired with an artificial yawn.

"There is a steamer heading for us and I thought you might be interested because it may

be an English warship," the man answered with a cold stare and without embarrassment.

"You are very attentive and evidently a jewel among stewards," I replied, "but this time you have put yourself to unnecessary trouble because warships do not interest me, but,—come to think of it—when talking to your comrades in the corridor you had better lower your voice, because I understand Dutch and, besides, be careful not to touch those bottles in the rack, because you might acquire Asiatic cholera, spotted typhus or the bubonic plague and die, before this boat reaches Holland."

Fishy-Eyes turned pale and beads of perspiration appeared on his forehead, but he kept his nerve.

"All the same, you are a German," he spouted hoarsely, "and the British will take you off. You have fooled all on this ship, but you can't fool me!"

"I never intended to 'fool' anyone, least of all a steward," I laughed. "The pure German blood in my veins I am rather proud of. But do not worry about my safety. And now you may go!"

On the second day out Mrs. Luebben told me that our table neighbor, Miss Whieting from Brooklyn, was drinking champagne in the smoking room alone among the younger men. I was shocked. Evidently this young girl, crossing for

the first time, knew nothing of international manners. She was exposing herself. Mrs. Luebben declined to interfere with a shrug of her shoulder and a twinkle in her eye.

"It is your duty to protect this 'green' American girl and to teach her European manners. If you decline, I will talk to her myself!" I asserted angrily. And I did when the culprit came out of the smoking room with red cheeks, surrounded by laughing young men. She came to the railing at my request, where the difference between American and European aspects regarding the conduct of a young girl travelling alone were explained in few words, emphasized by mentioning my wife and married daughters and, in conclusion, by saying:

"If your mother were here, she would agree with me."

The girl listened to the short lecture with drooping eyelids.

"You are a good man," she answered slowly with a shake in her voice, "and you certainly mean well but, if you knew all, you would not have addressed me so harshly."

"I'm not curious," I retorted gruffly, "and your private affairs do not concern me, but as a citizen of the United States I hate to see an American girl place herself in a false position."

"But Doctor, I drank but one glass of champagne!" the girl argued with genuine feminine

logic and a bright smile. I stared at her, then touched my cap and walked away.

During dinner that evening, the chair to my left remained vacant. Instead, Miss Whieting came into the dining room 'all dressed up' like a woman of the world, when the fish was being served, escorted by Captain McManemy, U.S.A.

Next morning at breakfast, Mrs. Luebben broached the subject.

"Don't you bother me with the conduct of this girl," I exclaimed, chagrined by the conviction of having made a false diagnosis. "She claims to study art. No doubt she does, but her methods are too modern for me, for I do not recognize a woman unless she be a daughter, a sister, a wife or a mother."

After this the girl never took her dinner with us, but was taken to the other table by some other passenger every evening. During lunch she never addressed me and I treated her like thin air, but during the evening hours in the smoking room which she invariably spent among the German-Austrian contingent, I detected her frowning eyes resting on me, in the American corner, very often. Usually she breakfasted in the company of young Dr. Lange and otherwise spent so much of her time with him that Mrs. Luebben predicted smilingly on the sixth day out: "There will be an engagement announced before we leave this ship!"

Kind Mrs. Luebben! Her two sons were in the

war and she knew herself to be in personal danger, and yet she enjoyed the prospect of seeing a young girl becoming a bride on the ocean during wartime. A fine illustration of the maternal instinct!

Mr. Berkely Freeman from California joined me in a deck-walk that evening. The weather was clear and the stars were out.

"It is a fine sensation to walk the deck of a neutral ship on the free ocean during wartime," he remarked. "I feel elated to-night for being a free citizen of the United States, at peace with the whole world!"

My companion was a typical American of Anglo-Saxon origin, sixty-one years of age. During the last twenty years he had done business with Germany, had been there often and had invariably been treated decently. He was an optimist regarding the future of the United States in general, and of California in particular, but he had only a 'newspaper' knowledge of European conditions, the present international situation and of their history, thereby representing the bulk of the American people very well. At the railing I pointed to the water.

"You termed this the free ocean?" I inquired.

"Sure!" he answered.

"Well, mark my word. Before you put your feet on land again you will realize that this sheet of water, called the Atlantic, is but a British pond!"

III

WARSHIPS

AFTER lunch on the seventh day out, a steward burst into the smoking room shouting: "Warships!"

True enough, the smoke of three steamers dotted the Eastern horizon, equally far apart.

"It seems strange," I addressed the army officer after handing back his binoculars, "that the British send their cruisers six hundred miles West of the Scillies to intercept neutral merchant ships. We should feel proud of being received so far out by a whole squadron!"

Half an hour later our engines stopped and H. M. S. *Charybdis* came alongside, a half mile away. She was an old tub of about 5000 tons,* with a long gun on her forward, a like one on her rear deck and smaller artillery on her sides. Over her bow she wore a shield covering the hole formerly used for torpedo expulsion, conspicuous like a patch on a trouser-seat. There was a swell on the sea and the small cruiser's ends rose and fell, while our steamer remained steady. The war-

*When beached on one of the Bermuda islands some months later as a total loss, her displacement was given as 4450 tons.

ship lowered a boat, and it was a fine sight to see how the cutter dropped on the water, the wet blades of the oars glittering in the sunlight at regular intervals. It reminded one of Clark Russell's maritime novels, read in times gone by

The cutter drew alongside. The officer coming over the railing first was a fine human specimen, good nature spread all over his face when he shook hands with our chief mate. He was followed by a boy of possibly fifteen years, who stalked over the deck with sober face and threw out his abnormally big feet in a manner as though he attempted to do the German parade march sideways. A handsome young sailor with signal flags stuck in his bosom shirt closed the procession, disappearing on the stairs leading to the bridge.

During the two hours he signalled to the *Charybdis*, an inspection of the cutter was possible. The fourteen men in canvass uniform who had handled the oars appeared to be stocky and well-fed, but none of them under forty years. Three had full beards, three others mustaches and the rest were clean-shaven. One wore black, a second tan shoes, and a third canvass slippers, while the rest were barefooted. All had life-preservers on the shoulders, the chest and the waist, cork enough on each to float a dead whale. And this in a swell of the sea which any American fisherman in a flat-bottomed boat would have laughed at!

"You may smoke!" the boarding officer had called down to his men. Two stuffed their pipes, but judging from the way the rest smoked cigarettes, the British admiralty will have a larger bill for this luxury than for shot and shell when this war is over.

No weapons were visible on the men who boarded the *Botherdam* and among those in the cutter, but when the one at the tiller at last bent his back sufficiently forward, long strings of cartridges in the bottom of his craft came into view.

Our uninvited guests came down from the bridge in the same order they went up, 'Liliput' (as he had been dubbed since) spreading and stamping his big feet on deck in an even more impressive manner than before. We learned that the boy had taken down the 'wig-wag' notes. After half an hour, our engines worked again and the *Botherdam* headed for Queenstown by order of the British admiralty, with her wireless taken down.

"This gives me a first chance to see the land of my ancestors!" the American artillery officer exclaimed grimly, when we heard the news.

"Ah, Captain, this explains all!" I put in. "The British Sealords, who evidently knew this, thought to pay you, the military representative of the United States, a compliment by ordering our steamer to Ireland."

Mr. Berkely Freeman, from California, took

my arm for a stroll along the deck. The dear old fellow appeared perturbed.

"Why does the captain of this neutral ship accept orders from the British?" he whispered when we were alone.

"Because his ship is on British property!" I answered. "If he had been ordered to steam to Gibraltar or even back to Hoboken, he would have obeyed, for as yet 'Britannia rules the wave' outside of the three-mile limit from Sandy Hook or any other coast on this little earth, Helgoland excepted," I answered.

"Ah! I understand now why you called the Atlantic ocean a 'British pond' the other evening!" the Californian exclaimed excitedly. "By God, I thought then that you were cracking one of your sarcastic jokes on me. But do you really believe that Germany has a chance to win in this war?"

"I gave up believing many years ago, and my knowledge is my private property!" I answered. "And now I'm going to take a nap."

IV

"WHERE IS BOLIVIA, ANYHOW?"

FORTY hours steaming took us into Queens-town harbor, where two anchors were dropped and two searchlights illumined our decks from shore during the following three nights. Only those accustomed to cold water could take a bath, as the fires were out, and no warm water ran into the tubs. Likewise no tobacco or alcohol, in any shape or form, could be bought aboard while there.

The weather was cold and the only way to keep warm was to tramp the deck vigorously or to stay in bed. The surrounding landscape was beautiful, but even the finest scenery may become monotonous if one is compelled to view it during four consecutive days.

A small tug deposited a half dozen men in unclean clothes, armed with thieves' lanterns, on our deck to search the hold for contraband goods, and later on the American consul and a British army officer in khaki, with a monocle in one eye-socket and a baby cane in his hand, boarded the *Botherdam* from a fine gasoline launch.

Meanwhile our stewards went fishing from the railing all day long. Whenever a small porgy was landed, a great shout went up. They were the descendants of men who had fought the English successfully under De Ruyter.

During the next forenoon a bald-headed lawyer from somewhere in Pennsylvania rushed up to me on deck.

"Do you know that every male and female passenger with a German name is going to be taken from this ship to a British detention camp?" he inquired excitedly with blanched features.

"Who told you this?" I inquired.

"One of the men on the tug," he whispered.

"Rubbish!" I answered scornfully, for cowards try my temper. "Your news does not concern me."

"But your name is German," the man protested.

"Quite so," I retorted, "and an ancient one at that. You can find it on the oldest slab of Westminster Abbey in London. Good morning!"

The appetites of the ladies appeared impaired at luncheon on that day, some barely touching food. One of the Misses Krueger had tears in her eyes, Mrs. Barens with flushed face was apparently next to hysteria, and even Mrs. Luebben treated me with icy reserve.

The Californian broached the subject of the day, giving his opinion on English chivalry, ultimately winding up with the question:

"What have you to say, Doctor?"

"I'm not a member of the British cabinet, thank goodness," I replied, "and therefore cannot predict our immediate future. But, I take it, that they are not anxious to increase the number of women on their islands. They now are looking for men to do their fighting. They evidently joined this war to rid themselves of the suffragettes pestering them."

"Oh, drop your jokes, Doctor!" Mrs. Barens exclaimed. "It does not concern you whether we German women are to be taken off or not. You are a safe outsider in this. Whatever you may be, you certainly are no German!"

The lady made a fine appearance in her wrath. With her flashing blue eyes, her regular features and large perfect frame, she certainly looked the typical descendant of the ancient Saxons who conquered Britain. She was now going back, after centuries, to the old German home.

"When answering Mr. Freeman's question I was in earnest," I protested dryly. "If the cackle of geese on the capitol could save Rome, then the activity of suffragettes could assist in bringing England into this war. Small causes with great effects are not so uncommon! But your assumption as to my nationality is correct, for in Germany I am classed and treated as an outlander."

On the third day of our captivity the male cabin passengers were ordered to show their pass-

ports to Captain Dickie of the British army, who sat on the sofa in the smoking room with his cap on, beside the bare-headed master of the ship. I came in late and missed hearing an old German, dubbed 'Uncle Carl,' read off a written protest addressed to the British government against our detention. The Bolivian stood before me in the line. Through Mr. Vandal, who volunteered to interpret the South American's Spanish, we learned that his papers had been stolen in Buenos Ayres, that his father, a German, had died long ago, that his mother was a native Bolivian and that he was bound for Germany to collect an inheritance.

"Have you served in the German army?" he was asked.

"No!" the man answered with emphasis.

"Have you ever been in Germany?" the British officer continued.

"This is the first time I ever left Bolivia!" Mr. Bruck asserted.

Captain Dickie looked bored. Turning to the commander of the *Botherdam*, he inquired:

"Bolivia! Captain, where is Bolivia, anyhow?"

The Dutch seaman explained politely that Bolivia was a part of the South American continent. I fairly held my breath. Mr. Vandal, Dr. Auer and Mr. Praetor, standing near, looked sober, but a few men in the background turned to hide their mirth.

After inspecting my passport (giving age, height and appearance) the officer drawled:

"I hope you can speak some English."

"Well, I should think so!" I responded promptly.

"Oh, I see you're a native," Captain Dickie answered visibly relieved.

Pointing at the passenger list and imitating the English drawl slowly, I requested: "In checking off my name, would you mind adding 'M.D.'? I'm a stickler on titles, don't you know?"

The British officer appeared highly amused.

"Just so," he laughed. "You shall certainly have your title!"

The American consul was standing near a corner table of the smoking room ready to advise and aid his compatriots, in conversation with Captain Mac, as his fellow passengers had come to call him. No other American citizens were near. Knowing that the artillerist needed no help, it occurred to me to be a patriotic duty to give our consul some work, and handing him a single page, typewritten document impressed by a seal, I requested:

"Consul, would you mind looking at this?"

There were but few sentences. The consul read the signature aloud and returning the paper he said hastily:

"Oh, yes! I remember the name. Just so. Oh, I see."

I was astonished. The consul was a young man of thirty-five.

"You are in a hurry, Doctor?" he continued.

"Of course!" I retorted.

"This steamer will be released in a day or two, I believe," he remarked, "but I can manage that you and Captain McManemy may proceed, by way of London, to-day."

"Are the boats from Hull to the Hook of Holland running now?" I inquired.

"I do not know. In fact we know nothing here about transportation," the consul answered.

"Then I shall consult Captain McManemy," I replied.

"This is worth while considering," the latter remarked after musing some time. "I have never been in England, and it would be interesting to spend a few days in London in your company. You know the town; of course?"

"Yes," I answered, "but I doubt if a stay there now would be as pleasant as my former visits were. At best, we would be treated with suspicion for which the Londoners could not be blamed, for you are bound for Vienna and I for Berlin. Besides, we would have to cross the North Sea on a small English side-wheeler to reach Holland."

"But, Doctor, the British navy control the water. No German warship would come in sight!" Captain Mac laughed.

"Right you are, Britannia rules the waves of the ocean, but she is not in command lower down in the water. I'm no coward, but also I'm no idiot not to prefer a neutral ship, when I have the choice. Besides, I should hate to be blown up by a German submarine because my parents were born in Germany, like yours in Ireland," I argued.

The warrior gave me a cold stare.

"I'll stay with you on the *Botherdam*," he replied after a while, "but aside of languages and medicine you apparently have studied naval architecture also."

"God forbid!" I replied astonished. "My good-natured brother always had to assist me in mathematics."

After luncheon the British officer took his American comrade ashore for an outing, and before dinner the rumor spread through the ship that none of the cabin passengers would be taken off and that the *Botherdam* might be released on the following day, as no contraband had been found in her hold. During the dinner the bald-headed Pennsylvanian, now in high feather, tingled his glass and invited all to the smoking room to sample the contents of a keg containing "the best vintage of Ireland," alleged to have been sent aboard by the American consul.

At 9 P. M. the passengers had assembled and were chatting and laughing like happy children, Captain Mac in their midst, happiest of all, while

the six Hollanders kept aloof, playing domino. But when I found that the fluid in the keg resembled a solution of quinine in ink much more than any wine or beer I had ever tasted, I proposed Captain Mac as chairman of the meeting to get square with him; for he, of course, and not the consul had sent this stuff aboard.

The artillerist accepted the chair with dignity, and began: "Ladies and gentlemen!" and raising his hands as though bestowing a blessing, without another word sat down again, thus finishing in record time the best presidential address I had ever listened to.

The speeches made later on were short and noncommittal, subjects like "The Ladies," "Our Chairman" and "Those We Left Behind," being preferred, until some one drank a toast to the young Queen of Holland, "for if it were not for the Hollanders we would not be here to-night," which drew the domino-playing Dutchmen, including the ship's commander and the ex-admiral, into our midst, where some of them remained until two o'clock in the morning.

V

CAESAR'S GHOST

THE *Botherdam* steamed out to sea before sun-down the next evening. It was a fine night, the stars shining so clear that they appeared much nearer than usual, as though lowered by invisible strings. And there was a comet low down over the Eastern horizon toward England, looking like an illumined, stubby broom.

Coming down from the bridge, the commander joined me in my solitary tramp on deck and all went well in our conversation until I mentioned that, to my mind, it had been a sporty act on the part of the British officer in pretending ignorance as to the location of Bolivia.

The Dutch seaman stopped.

"Pretend?" the big Hollander almost roared. "That Englishman had never heard of Bolivia before in his life. Take my word!"

We were bowling along up Channel, when off Plymouth our engines stopped, and another British cruiser, the *Cesar*, approached, and sent a dozen men armed with rifles over our side. The officer leading them had long legs, a short hunch-backed body, a sharply pointed nose and thin lips.

His men were under-sized, partly bow-legged and, in general, untidy looking individuals. One of them dropped his gun on the deck, picked it up with a sheepish grin and followed the rest to the bridge.

These hold-ups were becoming tiresome! While taking a vigorous stroll along the empty side of the deck as an antidote against chagrin, a young British officer came out of the smoking room as I was lighting a cigarette and he was finishing one. I extended my case with a smile and a 'Good morning.' Smiling back with a 'Thanks,' he began to smoke.

"You Americans have good cigarettes. We've smoked rotten stuff lately."

"But these are English," I replied and presented the box.

"I doubt it!" he laughed. "We have none such on board ship at least. It's a rum go in the Channel here during rain and fog. I've not been ashore during three weeks. First bright day we've had. Tedious! Quite a treat to board a neutral ship and to see other faces."

The young man was quite sincere. Although 'Naval Reserve' was written all over him, his uniform fitted well and, anatomically, his figure was almost ideal excepting his skull, a trifle too small for the rest of his frame. His good manners and frank speech, but even more so, his young, regular features and engaging smile, had

reminded me of another young officer, in a different uniform, and made me take to him strongly.

"Well, why don't you obtain permission to accompany us to the Hook of Holland?" I suggested. "Then this boat would not be held up by your cruisers every now and then and, in reward, I could introduce you to the only girl aboard. She is good looking and bright."

"Would I like it though!" the young chap exclaimed.

"Speak of the devil, et cetera," I replied, for Miss Whieting, Mrs. Luebben and Mrs. Barens were coming around the corner of the deck. "Come along! I'll present you to the ladies, so you can have their company at least while the signaling is proceeding on the bridge."

After being introduced as one of our 'war-visitors,' the embarrassed boy addressed the matron first, but chose the worst question possible:

"You are an American, of course?"

"Oh, no," Mrs. Luebben answered joyously, "I'm a German, thank God!"

"But you speak English so perfectly," our visitor stammered helplessly.

"Aside from my mother-tongue I converse in French and Spanish as well as in English," Mrs. Luebben responded with a sarcastic smile. "Not an uncommon accomplishment among my people,

by the way. Being English, you of course know no foreign language?"

"Quite so!" the young man answered, blushing.

To my taste Mrs. Luebben, mindful of her sons at the front, possibly wounded or fallen by now, behaved rather too severely.

"Our visitor would gladly safeguard our ship to Rotterdam," I put in slowly, "but I doubt if his superior officer would consent. He is under orders of his country like your sons are of theirs, Mrs. Luebben."

"Do try to stay aboard and take us to Holland," Mrs. Barens gushed into the conversation, "we will give you a good time!"

"I have no doubt of it," the Englishman asserted looking at Miss Whieting, who had not kept her eyes from his face.

By this time the Californian and Dr. Auer had joined us, the latter planting himself behind Miss Whieting and whispering into her ear.

Taking Mr. Freeman's arm I forced him into a tramp around the deck, and when we returned Miss Whieting and the British officer were ascending the stairs to the bridge.

One hour later the *Botherdam* was steaming a Westerly course to Falmouth, seventy miles to the rear, accompanied by the *Cesar* flying flags, as though she had captured an enemy warship. The signature on the British admiralty's free-

pass given to our captain in Queenstown was indistinct, the passengers were told.

"Great Caesar's ghost!" I murmured, leaning at the railing. "Is this a petty, posthumous revenge of yours on the Germanic barbarians you could not subdue after conquering Gaul and Britain?"

When the last patient of Dr. Shields, the ship's surgeon, had left his room that evening and he had given me a cigarette, he closed the door, after inspecting the corridor, and took his armchair with a sigh. The *Botherdam* was anchored in the lovely, toy-harbor of Falmouth.

"I consider it my duty to inform you that the English are furiously sore on the Germans!" he whispered. "The officers of the *Cesar* reported that the Germans, of late, cut off the right hand of every British officer they capture, heal him up and send him back to England."

Staring at the ceiling to retain a straight face, I responded slowly: "Sterilized and dished up in vinegar, pepper and good olive oil, such chopped-off hands might make even better morsels than pigs' feet."

"I see your sarcasm," my host whispered, "but you do not seem to realize the position this new German atrocity may place you in! I fear that every person with a German name on this ship will be taken off to an English detention camp, irrespective of their American passports."

In response, I handed him the document the

American consul at Queenstown had inspected. After glancing it over he returned it quickly and extended his hand: "Great Scott! The British will drop you like a red-hot firepoker when they see this!"

That night a vocal concert was held on the deck of one of the Dutch steamers from South America anchored near us. The singers were German reservists bound for British detention camps, and their songs were familiar to me from the time I had spent as a foreign student at German universities, many years ago. Our passengers were leaning over the near railing and so I had the off deck to myself in the attempt to get away from those songs. Entirely ignorant of what is termed music, I had attended a concert but once in years and not an opera in a decade, because the sounds had produced unnerving effects on me. But this night was calm and the stars were out, and the songs coming from that ship reached me wherever I went, until, at last, the strains of "In the Home-land, In the Home-land, I shall meet you again," caused me to find a dark spot along the railing to sob, like a woman weeping over her dead child.

At noon of the next day the captain of the *Botherdam* returned from shore, our anchor was lifted and once more we proceeded up Channel until midnight, when we were hailed out of the darkness:

"What ship is this?"

"The *Botherdam* bound for Rotterdam."

"Follow me!" the command came through the megaphone of a destroyer.

Our chief officer came along the deck.

"Where are you bound for now?" I teased him.

The giant bent down to my ear and whispered: "To Hell!"

Aha! So the Hollanders were waking up to the fact that their independence, neutrality and freedom at sea, guaranteed during the piping times of peace by "scraps of paper," became worthless when the big nations were at war! Evidently the "buffer"—and other—states with diminutive armies and toy navies, will learn a big lesson during this belligerent mass-meeting.

We were kept at anchor South of Sandown, Isle of Wight. Many empty transport steamers left there during that night and the following day, steaming around the Eastern corner of the island toward Portsmouth and Southampton.

Most of that fore and after-noon was spent by the artillery captain and his voluntary teacher in drilling and frilling the German language below. Going on deck just before dinner the clanks of the anchor chain reverberated through the ship.

"Dropping another hook for the night?" I inquired of the purser on deck.

"No, they are lifting the anchor," he answered.

"To go where?" Captain Mac asked curtly.

"Possibly to Dover. I do not know!" the Hollander answered while tilting the weight of his body from one leg to the other, like a chained elephant in the circus.

The *Botherdam* did head for those straits, and the number of revolutions of her engines indicated extra speed and final release.

Toward midnight the powerful searchlights on the rocks of Dover came into view, the rays of one skipping over the water and those of the other protruding far into the dark sky, in search for the gate guarded by St. Peter,—or for Zeppelins. Their flashes were rapid, about three seconds each.

"Watch this performance!" I entreated the artillerist at my side. "Yonder, due South, is the light of Calais on the French coast. At most, we are one and one-half miles from Dover rock but, so far, we have not been 'picked up' by that searchlight. Evidently, the British admiralty have sleepy Irish boys on this job!"

VI

PETTICOAT DIPLOMACY

FISHY-EYES handed me an English newspaper when he came to announce my bath the next morning.

"Read it!" he urged in a low voice but with bulging eyes. "A German submarine blew up three British cruisers in this neighborhood yesterday morning."

Unfolding the newspaper while in the water, I found the location of Weddigen's feat given as 'twenty miles Southwest of the Hook of Holland,' the very spot the *Botherdam* was over at the moment. For the first time during this trip a feeling of possible danger approached me, as I feared some stray mine might collide with our speeding ship while I was in the tub. So I quickly reached for a towel and laid it near, that St. Peter might not be shocked.

After breakfast we anchored in a thin fog resting on the North Sea, sufficiently dense to hide the near shore, and out of it came a toy torpedo boat showing Holland's flag. It circled busily around our steamer as though to assure us of our ultimate safety. I laughed out loud.

"Good morning, Doctor!" Turning I saw the

Bolivian coming along the deck with extended hand. "I have found my mother-tongue again! So sorry you never spoke Spanish. Of course you can?"

"No. What made you think so?" I inquired.

"You were suspected of understanding most modern languages by some of our fellow passengers, not to speak of other knowledge," he laughed, "but I trusted you all the same!"

"Thanks!" I retorted. "In retaliation I can state that I knew from the first day out that you were not a Spanish Bolivian, in spite of your histrionic talent."

"Why?" he inquired eagerly.

"Because you did not smoke!" I answered. "A South American using no tobacco is unthinkable."

The Hook of Holland was sprinkled with soldiers and in the sheds on the wharf to which we made fast, some of the rescued wounded from the torpedoed British cruisers rested on cots.

The passengers of the *Botherdam* were crowded together on the deck of a tender steaming up the canal to Rotterdam, steeragers and cabin passengers intermingling. Brave Mrs. Luebben elbowed her way to where I sat with Culbertson, who gave up his seat to go forward. She was in excellent humor.

"Oh, ye men!" she began. "You never understand women. I now have a good joke on you in retaliation for your many sarcasms aimed at

every race, creed, custom and profession, your own included. Of all men I ever met, you were fooled best by a woman!" The mirth of the lady had brought tears to her eyes.

"A woman?" I repeated contemptuously. "The only woman who concerns me is my wife, and she is in New York. To whom do you allude?"

"To Miss Whieting, of course," my tormentor answered, "the young girl who sat next to you at table and whom you cruelly ignored, after lecturing her on her champagne drinking!"

Mrs. Luebben had another attack of hilarity.

"She is the Austrian Countess Palfy taking important papers to her government, and Mr. Vandal is her husband!"

A Dutch windmill had attracted my attention meantime and, besides, a steerager standing near, whom I had seen in the ship's surgeon's office repeatedly complaining of vague nervous troubles, was now listening attentively to our conversation carried on in English.

"What ails you, Doctor?" Mrs. Luebben inquired when I remained silent. "I have never seen you look so sober and old, as you do now."

"Pardon my inattention!" I answered in the Saxon dialect which Mrs. Luebben understood. "It is Austrian-like to employ a woman cackling about her achievement before the job is finished. Apparently the petticoat diplomacy of the Metternich school is not yet extinct in the land of the

Hapsburg dynasty. I shall certainly make my apologies to the Countess Palfy on the pier at Rotterdam!"

As the ladies intended to rest a day in Rotterdam and Captain Mac purposed to call on a diplomatic friend in the Hague, Culbertson and I left the wharf first. We counted eighteen ocean steamers and over fifty tenders laid up along the waterways while riding through the city in an antediluvian cab, and saw thousands of men in blue blouses lounging along the canals out of work.

At the railway station my companion offered to buy the tickets to the border while I studied the bill of fare in the restaurant and looked for the renowned Dutch cleanliness.

"Bring me some Pall Mall cigarettes!" Culbertson addressed a waiter hovering near us when he returned. Turning to me, he sniffed: "Dutch cleanliness? There is but one clean country, Germany!"

The man looked pale. He had ordered cigarettes and had always rolled his own on the liner.

Leaning over the table he whispered: "Apparently our troubles have not yet come to an end. I have no railway tickets. They pretend not to understand me at the office."

Many tales we had heard on the *Botherdam* regarding the difficulty of crossing the border to Germany were recalled.

"Order the regular dinner for me and whatever you may choose for yourself, while I get the tickets," I answered.

Placing my hat on the sill at the ticket window and presenting a handful of twenty-mark gold coins, I curtly demanded in German: "Two first-class tickets for the next train to the German border! When will it leave?"

"At six-thirty! You have over an hour's time for dinner," the clerk answered promptly, straightening up. "Your train will arrive at Bentheim at 11:30 P. M."

When he handed the tickets and the change I remarked: "My trunk must be checked. Where can I do it?"

"Certainly, I'll send a man to assist you!" he answered.

Picking out a paper gulden I handed the rest of the Dutch change to the interpreter after the trunk was checked: "Distribute this among those who assisted me. This gulden I will keep to remember you by!"

The paper gulden was bare-backed.

"How did you do it?" Culbertson inquired when I gave him his ticket.

"Simplicity itself," I laughed while attacking the excellent thick soup. "You spoke English, with Anglo-Saxon ancestry written all over you, while I addressed the Hollanders in 'military' German! On the ocean England is as yet supreme

but a single German is to-day more respected in Holland than the entire British navy, for dreadnaughts are useless on land and will keep away from the Dutch coast, I take it, for quite a while."

A large, blond Hollander and two Hebrew merchants were 'talking war' in our compartment on the train, the Dutchman denouncing the Kaiser and the others defending him. Meanwhile Culbertson smoked incessantly. He appeared to grow more nervous and had barely tasted his food, while I, well fed and content to ride in one of the first Dutch express trains to the border since the war began, enjoyed the impromptu debate immensely.

After the Hollander had left I pretended to look for a match which the elder Hebrew extended as expected, with the remark: "You Americans will find travelling in Europe somewhat difficult just now!"

His broken English savored of the London variety.

"Not so difficult as your attempts to convince a stubborn Hollander of being on the wrong side of the fence," I rejoined.

The man sat up straight.

"I did not take you for a Hollander!" he exclaimed.

"You were right," I laughed, "but I have spent well-nigh a half century within a forty-two centimeter rifle shot of the New York City Hall among

the most international population on the globe, and have picked up a few of their dialects and brogues. But why are you so sure of Germany's success in this war?"

The fellow-passenger eyed me suspiciously and shrugged his shoulders.

"You may answer in German if you prefer," I urged him on in that tongue, with a twinkle in my eye.

"God, the righteous!" the Hebrew exclaimed beaming all over. "You speak German like a native and I took you for a Yankee. Now I will tell you. My old mother lives in Galicia, Austria. I have been a money broker in Rotterdam during the last twenty years. This is my son-in-law and partner. I'm in England fortnightly, in Paris about once in a week and in Germany, Austria and Russia at least four times in a year. I have made comparisons. Ignorance is flourishing in all of these countries excepting in Germany. I can do very little business there. The Germans know too much. For that I admire them."

"How are the Hollanders?" I queried.

"You had a typical specimen of them here. He represents the mass. During the first week of the war, people stormed my office in Rotterdam begging on their knees and with tears in their eyes to take their German money and securities for fifty cents on the dollar, as you Americans term it. I did. If their fright had lasted a month

instead of a week, I would be a millionaire to-day. Jacob, open my valise! Gentlemen, I have two bottles of a very good German vintage. Let us drink to the health,—not of the Kaiser and his people for they will win out anyhow,—but of the ignorant among the other nations. May they live long and prosper!”

Culbertson, now interested, inquired after draining the last drop of the Oberingelheimer Auslese in his glass: “And the Belgians?”

“When I travel in Belgium I have to speak three languages to do business, French, Vlamish and Wallonish,” the merchant answered. “Which tribe do you refer to?”

“I don’t know. I mean the Belgians as a nation,” the Southerner replied.

“Good God!” the international broker exclaimed. “You call a mess of eight million people composed of three distinct races, a nation? Belgians? The very name is artificial and a political pretense! The French, Vlames and Wallons living there never intermarry and have but business intercourse with one another, and most of their export consists of goods being sent by Germany through Antwerp.”

VII

BORDER KNOWLEDGE

At 11:30 P. M. the train stopped at Bentheim, the border town of Germany. The baggage was inspected by customs officials in a large hall, the outlet guarded by uniformed men.

While leisurely strapping my trunk after the other passengers had left the building, a civilian under a soft hat addressed me: "Please show me your passport."

I had placed two documents into my pocket for this occasion, my passport and a typewritten letter addressed to the chief of the German Health Office, and handed them over. The inspector unfolded the latter first, read it and handed both papers back with a smile.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "You have come from afar to help us."

"Yes," I answered, "but you have not inspected my passport."

"Not necessary!" the official replied with emphasis. "Allow me to help you strap that trunk."

He did; and he went for a porter, advised me as to a hotel and my departure in the morning, and clicked his heels when I passed the uniformed men at the door unmolested.

Culbertson had to share my room and bed in the border hotel, but both were large and spotlessly clean.

On opening the three windows we saw the foliage of large trees and heard a nightingale sing. It was past midnight.

"Now for a bottle of Rhine wine," I suggested and pressed the button.

"I'll join you but I also must have a bite," Culbertson assented cheerfully. "I'm hungry for the first time since leaving Bremen six weeks ago. Thank God, I'm back to Germany!"

The man seemed completely changed. His solemn face and reserved manner had disappeared, and his wife and children were in South Carolina! Here was a riddle.

I questioned and he answered: "Germany is my home. I have my business there and my children were born there. Of course I'm an American, but my people in the South are fifty years behind my neighbors in Bremen and they get on my nerves after I've been with them over night." And he added much which can not be repeated here.

A feeling of envy overcame me. Here was a pure Anglo-Saxon enjoying his life among my race, while I was but an outlander in Germany.

Our host entered the room with a tray. Culbertson filled the glasses, saying: "Here's to Germany!" and then made for the food.

"Can I do anything more for you?" the inn-

keeper asked. "Had I not better close those windows?"

"Not on your life!" I answered. "But this cool air has made me hungry also. Bring me some Belgian baby-steak, or the hand of a British officer in vinegar."

The man gazed in blank amazement.

"Why do you stare? I have pure barbarian blood in my veins and can pay in barbarian gold!" I continued, presenting the twenty-mark coins in my hand.

At last the innkeeper smiled.

"I'm sorry, but we have run out of these war-delicacies! But did you bring this gold over the Atlantic?" he inquired.

"Bought in Wall Street," I answered.

"Then you were lucky in not showing it aboard the *Botherdam*, for in that case the British would have taken you off, for gold is contraband. Good night!"

I laughed out loud and felt crushed, because an innkeeper at the German border knew more about international law than a New York professor.

"If the British had searched us I would have been your companion in some English prison," Culbertson remarked, "for I have more gold coins with me than you. Thank God we're in Germany!"

"Why did you leave me with my baggage in the railway station?" I asked soberly, because

this did not coincide with Culbertson's character.

"I feared that the Germans might hold you up and if I had been with you, I should have shared your fate," he answered dryly.

"Detain me at the German border!" I laughed. "What on earth gave you this idea?"

My companion blushed.

"Most of the passengers of our ship did not trust you," Culbertson asserted, "because you were always in good humor. You spent many hours in your room with the American artillery officer, you even poked fun at the British officer in Queenstown harbor, and the American consul offered to send you through London with Captain McManemy."

"Who told you?" I inquired.

"Not one of you two mentioned this, but it was rumored about the ship that evening," he replied.

"Is that all?" I inquired.

"No, Doctor!" Culbertson answered. "Your toast to the Queen of Holland, your friendly intercourse with the Canadians, your long walk with the Dutch captain, your kindly treatment of the young officer of the British cruiser *Cesar*, and the marked deference of the American ship's surgeon,—placed the rest of us on our guard."

"*Mundus vult decipi!*" I exclaimed astonished. "Read this paper."



Office
Sanitary Superintendent

Health Department,
Sanitary Bureau,
No. 301 Mott Street,
New York,

August 24th, 1892.

To the Health Authorities,

Hamburg, Germany.

Dear Sirs:-

The bearer of this letter, Dr. August Seibert, is visiting your city for the purpose of studying means taken by you to disinfect after contagious diseases. He is commissioned by me to ascertain facts in connection with the matter referred to above, and to report the results of his investigation. You will confer a very great favor on the undersigned by affording him any facilities that may be consistent and in your power to enable him to attain the object of his visit. We would like to have your methods of action, especially against the Asiatic Cholera. It is needless for me to say that any courtesy shown Dr. Seibert will be gladly reciprocated.

I have the honor to be,

Respectfully yours,

Gries Edson

Sanitary Superintendent.

Culbertson ran his eyes over the typewritten sheet the American consul in Queenstown harbor and the *Botherdam's* surgeon had inspected, and quickly handed it back.

"Aha!" he remarked. "Now I can place you, but I would not like to have your job."

"Let us turn in," I suggested and shortly after, while Culbertson snored the nightingale again sang and I thought of the time when this paper was signed by the late Dr. Cyrus Edson, then Sanitary Superintendent of the New York Health Department, to facilitate my investigation of the Asiatic cholera epidemic in Hamburg, *twenty-two years ago!*

Before leaving home I found that old document in my strong-box and took it along as a help for identification and—evidently in revenge—it now kept me awake by arousing memories. 1892! Then, like now, I travelled as a private citizen at my own expense, but that letter had opened the doors of the Imperial German Health Office for me, of the police department of Berlin, of the disinfection and water-works plants and of the hospitals in that city and in Hamburg where Asiatic cholera patients were being treated, and had enabled me to accompany the disinfectors into houses where new cases had been found, to watch their work. And, last but not least, this old "scrap" had induced Robert Koch, the highest authority of his time, to dictate

his advice, cabled at once to New York, as to the effective disinfection of the cholera ships from Hamburg anchored at that time in the lower bay.

Also it reminded me of Mr. Coleman Jackson, then secretary of the U. S. Legation in Berlin, to whom I had taken a letter of introduction very unwillingly from a former member of President Arthur's cabinet, ex-Postraster General James,—for that diplomat had been so surprised by my refusal to accept favors that he left his chair and, extending his hand, exclaimed: "Shake! You are the first American to walk into this office and to refuse help, and I have been here ten years." And he had forced me into a chair and had given me card introductions with his signature, stamped by the seal of the Legation, to the great officials of Berlin, which helped me materially.

Tempora mutantur!

VIII

A CLEANSING BATH

OUR train left Bentheim at 7:30 A. M. on the second, like all trains I travelled in during my stay in Germany, and they always arrived promptly. The passing scenery presented nothing of war for the fields were being tilled by men and women and the roads, houses and stations were clean and orderly like in times of peace, and no one appeared excited. Only at railway crossings, bridges and stations, men in uniform were on guard.

Culbertson left me within an hour and at Loehne I had to change for the express to Berlin. This ran in two sections, the first filled exclusively by wounded soldiers from the Western front, but in the second I found an empty corner.

When barely seated a uniformed nurse came to the door of the compartment.

"Has anyone cigarettes?" she inquired. "I'm out of them and some of the wounded soldiers would like to smoke."

"Where are they?" I inquired, arising.

"If you walk through the train you will find them," she answered.

Eight 'lightly' wounded sat in one compartment. Two with bandaged skulls, four with wounded hands, one with a leg in plaster and the last without visible bandages.

"Good morning children!" I addressed the soldiers. "I'm a physician. Are any of you in pain or distress?"

"No," a large framed sergeant answered, "none of us have wound fever."

While offering cigarettes a man with both hands bandaged remarked: "I would like to smoke but when the first bullet struck my left hand at the rifle I must have lifted the right one or it would not have been hit also."

I lit a cigarette and placed it between his lips.

"Of course you are wounded?" I addressed the sergeant.

"A French bullet is on the inside of a rib," he answered. "They will remove it in Magdeburg, so that I can return to the front in two weeks. I am used to it. Two Russian bullets have passed through my calves. During our first advance through Belgium into France I was not touched, but while resting on our stomachs in open fields for hours with Russian aviators over us, we relieved our feet by raising them and were hit. Next time, it will be an English or American bullet."

"An American?" I exclaimed. "The United States will not join the Allies."

"Possibly not," the sergeant answered curtly,

"but the Americans will manufacture ammunition for them! My brother is a foreman in the steel works at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. He wrote all about the large contracts to our father."

I felt blood rise to my face. A man with his head bandaged over one eye, relieved my embarrassment.

"Doctor, do you believe that I can return to the front with my right eye intact?" he inquired. "The optic nerve of the left one was severed by the splinter of a bone."

"Of course," I assured him, "provided you are not left-handed."

"No," he replied. "Then I need not stay at home a cripple. My best thanks!"

"Are all of you North Germans?"

"We are Pommeranian Landwehr," the sergeant replied. "All married and fathers of children. I'm the eldest, aged thirty-two."

Moltke had pronounced their fathers the 'core' of the troops he had led into France during 1870.

Realizing that I was in very good company I remained in that compartment for some time listening to the reports of these "Huns" and, in return, entertaining them with my boyish reminiscences among the soldiers of 1870.

Strange to relate, their utterances were devoid of bragging and curses and no harsh word was said against the enemies they had fought. In fact,

it was like a cool, cleansing bath—this stay among real soldiers—after spending the hot month of August in New York, where the war was being fought over again by printer's ink squeezed into hysterical head-lines and editorials savoring of a hodge-podge compounded of malice, envy and stark ignorance. No wonder dyspepsia is the 'American' disease *par excellence!*

Toward evening the train arrived in Berlin but my eldest daughter and her young son were not at the station to receive me, as I had expected. On entering her apartments she remarked: "Your grandson and I were at the depot, but the train contained but wounded soldiers. Little Paul was very much disappointed!"

"Because his international mother, though versed in travel, never thought of a possible second section!" I laughed. "Show me your babies and then report on the casualties among our relatives and friends."

And it was well that I saw the sleeping children first before she admitted that, while I was on the Atlantic, the war had killed the man with the best brain among our clan and the only friend I had in Germany.

IX

WARTIME WOMEN

A HANDSOME automobile, picked up on the street, took me into the finest suburban section of Berlin the next morning where I alighted in front of a modern, stone villa surrounded by a lawn, large trees and a wrought-iron fence.

The lady of the house received me in a library adorned by 'old masters.' She was of medium height, with masses of blond hair and regular but cold features. She read my letter of introduction at the window, came back and extended her hand. Her manner had changed.

"Show me your credentials and tell me what you intend to do!"

"My object is to personally introduce some measures in the treatment of epidemic diseases in the military hospitals back of the front, but my stay is limited to four weeks," I answered.

"Why personally?" the lady inquired.

"Because these measures were devised by myself and because my medical education was obtained in Germany, paid for by inherited German coin," I replied.

"Ah, I see!" my hostess remarked. "It will be

difficult to place you. But your request is unique. That may help. Go to the Imperial Health Office first and be explicit. Then try the Red Cross authorities. Do not mind a turn-down there, because they have more medical volunteers than they can accommodate. Insist on your demand and accept nothing else! Meanwhile, I will try to make an opening for you among the military physicians who have a caste of their own, as you may possibly know."

I nodded.

Arising, the lady once more extended her hand. "Report your progress by telephone. During your stay in Germany, wherever you are, I shall be at your service daily from 7 A. M. to 10 P. M. Good success!"

Considering this abrupt meeting when again in the automobile, I realized that I had met the second woman who had ever impressed me. The one had been a matron born on the fourth of July, 1791. Her husband had been severely wounded at Waterloo in 1815 and she had reported her experiences during the Napoleonic wars to her boyish American grandson without a sigh or complaint, while the other, in the prime of life, was giving orders like a born strategist in a modern castle. What contrasts and yet, what similarity! The same cool reflection and the same indomitable will. Women during wartime.

The director of the Imperial Health Office, Prof. Bumm, received me as a colleague, discussed my case and offered his help but also made it plain that I would have difficulties to overcome. He advised me to call on Prof. Jochmann, the chief of the Institute for Infectious Diseases of the Berlin University, and to interest him in my plans, thus avoiding going near the front.

Duplicity of cases. Twenty-two years ago another director of the German Imperial Health Office, Dr. Koehler, had warned me not to go to Hamburg but to stay in Berlin where I could learn much more about the fight against Asiatic cholera without incurring personal danger. Then, like now, I refused. Prof. Jochmann has since succumbed to spotted typhus acquired in a Russian prisoners' camp, while I am still at large.

Yes, war destroys the best!

The next stop my car made in front of the Reichstags Gebäude (parliament building), of which the Red Cross occupied a part. Bismarck's statue looked down on me when I entered.

The Red Cross people were busy, for a steady stream of persons were entering and leaving constantly. When my turn came in the line the porter made me wait until a page could show me up. Ascending massive stairs my guide suddenly stopped and handed my credential to a tall, lean man, with white hair and bronzed features, in

field-gray uniform, who had come along the corridor bareheaded, conversing with a civilian.

Pausing, the chief of the German Red Cross read my credential, placed his arm around my shoulders and, smiling down at me, remarked:

"So you came all the way from America to help us? That is fine. I like that!"

Not accustomed to being hugged *coram publico* I felt embarrassed, for the passers-by had stopped to gaze and listen, but the handsome, old Prussian military aristocrat kept his arm around me unconcernedly until he had conducted me to a chair in his room.

"Did you have a good voyage?" he inquired.

"Excepting three enforced stays in British harbors lasting a week," I responded. "The seven days at anchor made this trip monotonous because, for years I have been accustomed to reach Germany inside of a week."

"Then you have crossed the Atlantic often?"

"Since childhood about forty-seven times," I answered.

"Heavens!" my host exclaimed. "I was at sea but twice. Never again, unless ordered by His Majesty! I'm a landsman. What an interesting life you must have had."

"Hardly as interesting as yours," I laughed, pointing at the war medals on his uniform, the only decorations besides the Iron Cross, that he

exhibited. "You have fought the Danes in 1864, the Austrians in 1866 and the French in 1870."

"Oh yes," the old warrior drawled, "but always in the service. You must have had more diversion."

"Impossible!" I rejoined, astonished. "The sea and the people one meets during travel differ but in their color. The motions of the water and the emotions of the humans are alike wherever one goes, and, in the end, become monotonous to look at."

"You may be right," my host answered with a sigh.

A civilian entered the room and handed him a paper for signature.

"Ah, I'm glad you came in! Here is a medical friend from abroad willing to help," General Pfuel remarked, introducing me. "Please see to it that he is placed," and the prototype of German militarism extended his hand: "Good success!"

In the next room things were different, for medical civilians now looked over my paper, asked questions and shrugged their shoulders. How could they place a foreign physician for a month when they had more of their own than they needed, ready to pledge themselves for the duration of the war?

Returning from a whispered conversation near the open window, one of the Red Cross officials

suggested that I could possibly be made use of in treating sick English prisoners.

Although feeling somewhat uncomfortable in playing the part of a beggar I refused, because the treatment of home-sickness was not included in my specialty.

The door opened and another medical civilian entered the room. Another whispered conversation ensued among the trio.

"*Tres faceunt collegium!*" I thought, feeling like a very sick patient at sight of this consultation. But it was brief.

"The physician from New York?" the newcomer inquired. "Why of course. His name is on file. The document must be in this shelf," and, on finding it, he told me to report to the Kriegsministerium.

Outside of the building I drew a deep breath, for a load carried since leaving my house, had been taken off my mind. I waved my hand toward Bismarck's statue. After this I did not care whether school kept or not, for my name was on the card-index of the greatest fighting concern on earth, the German War Office!

Leisurely I strolled through the park, glanced carelessly over the closed shutters of the British and French embassies near the Brandenburger Thor, and ultimately handed my card to the adjutant of Physician-General Paalzow in the German War Office building.

"Of course, you wish to go to the front?" the imposing, elderly officer in field-grey inquired after greeting me as colleague and offering a chair.

"I will go anywhere I'm sent," I answered curtly, for I resented being taken for a war-correspondent or battlefield-bum. "Any old place is good enough for me, provided I can help. But I'm not a surgeon and my time is limited to four weeks."

"Self-understood!" Dr. Paalzow answered with a faint smile. "What can you do?"

After mentioning the names of those infectious diseases with which I had had experience, I asked for the opportunity to demonstrate certain tricks in their treatment devised by myself for I knew well, that the most formidable of these war epidemics, typhoid fever, had been almost extinct in hygienic Germany for decades, and that the military physicians there had seen but few cases.

Waving my credentials aside without a glance, Dr. Paalzow, in reply, gave me a concise report on the condition of the German army along both fronts regarding the above diseases, which tallied exactly with what the director of the Imperial Health Office had told me.

"I will have to send some telegrams concerning you," he concluded. "Leave your town address. You will be notified."

The interview had lasted seven minutes.

X

A LECTURE

HALF an hour later I ate most of the cake on the afternoon coffee table of my daughter at 3 P. M. (for I had not tasted food or drink since early morning), while Signorina Bagatelli, her Italian teacher and companion, during the frequent travels of her husband, discussed the latest political news in her native tongue. Our hostess replied so vigorously, that I leaned back in my chair and laughed out loud.

"If you keep this up, ladies," I explained my hilarity, "there will be war between Italy and France in a minute or two!"

"France?" the Signorina inquired.

"Of course!" I replied. "Look at your opponent and then state to which race she belongs."

"She certainly looks, acts and argues like a French woman," the Signorina replied, astonished, "but strange to say, I never thought of this before, although I have known your daughter for years!"

"It was great fun to see two descendants of Latin races go for one another on account of the German Kaiser's cause!" I laughed. "My daugh-

ter's maternal grandfather had French blood in his veins which accounts for her atavistic make-up. But daughter, get your hat and coat. Your husband's train from Italy is due in half an hour!"

During dinner that evening my Dutch-American son-in-law reported on Italy's preparations for war, and my arguments against the possibility of the spaghetti-eaters joining the crushers of German scientific efficiency, did not impress him. At last his wife stopped our political talk by announcing that we three were to attend a lecture in the "Urania" on East Prussia and the Masurian lakes that evening, where General Hindenburg had done his trick against the Russians.

"Dad may be sent to the Russian border by the War Office to-morrow!" my daughter argued glancing at her husband. "This lecture will interest him. Besides, I will make him buy a heavy overcoat." She arose and went to the nursery.

When her husband had lit a cigarette in the library, I broke forth: "This is rot, Paul! You must be tired. Give me the word, and I will turn her down."

"Not unless you wish to go to bed early to-night," he replied with a sarcastic smile. "But I know your habits."

"Why do you allow your wife to 'boss' you in this manner?" I inquired.

"Because I had to 'boss' others in Berlin, London, Paris, Vienna, Budapest, Milan and Rome."

during the last five years in the interest of our American concern," he answered. "This is quite a diversion. Occasionally my wife is eccentric, but I enjoy it. We are happy children when together in Berlin. Thanks to the international education you gave her, her knowledge of four languages and of music, aside of her personality, she is the one woman for me!"

The discourse on "East Prussia and the Masurian Lakes" in the "Urania," a building devoted to popular scientific lectures, had drawn a full house. It was illustrated by pictures on a screen and the lecturer spoke without notes. His treatise lasted two hours with a pause of fifteen minutes in between, but the audience never stirred and only applauded at the end, to thank the speaker. At first inclined to be bored, being fairly well informed on the history of every section of Germany, the purely scientific statements of the lecturer devoid of rhetorical clap-trap, bragging, or the slightest attempt to arouse political patriotism, so interested me that I forgot my surroundings entirely and in those few hours lived through the Germanic colonization of this borderland in reality. In the cloak room my daughter inquired in German:

"Well Father, did the lecture satisfy you?"

"Much more than that," I answered in English, "and when the pictures of Thorn on the Vistula were shown I thought of Marcus Koenig in the

Ancestors. You know of my preference for Gustav Freytag!"

"Yes Dad, of course, but please converse in German!" she replied in that tongue. "You have often been taken for an Englishman."

Her husband had gone for our hats and wraps. Looking about, I saw our neighbors staring.

XI

IN THE WAR OFFICE

THE next day was Sunday and the sun shone bright. During breakfast my daughter suggested that I should attend the service in the dome to see the Germans worship and, possibly, see the Empress. Although walking briskly (a distance of four miles) I found the doors of the dome closed and was told by a polite porter that the church was filled to the limit. Turning back, I walked Unter den Linden after examining one of the captured French field pieces stationed in front of the Crownprince's palace. Many people were promenading, most of them from out of town evidently, but they did not interest me. In fact nothing did, for I had but one thought in mind, and here I was idling, with three weeks of my two months' leave of absence gone. Rehearsing for the thousandth time that I was not needed and not wanted and that, in fact, I was a nuisance to the German authorities I was bothering, I noticed that at last my natural spunk was leaving me.

"History repeats itself!" I murmured. "When I offered my services in July of 1870 coming from America aged fifteen, the German military authorities would have made use of me on account of

my linguistic abilities, but ultimately they turned me down, because my father was an American citizen."

Pausing to get my bearings, I recognized the best monument of Berlin, that of Frederic the Great, near by. He certainly had been a man, for during seven years he had fought the most of continental Europe single-handed and had won, William Dean Howell's assertion in his *Silver Wedding Journey* that the Germans had never won a war unaided before 1870, notwithstanding, and he won by his intuitive talent. He did not wait for others to give him suggestions. *Sancta simplicitas*, and I will wait no longer!

The big porter at the door of the War Office building saluted.

"I take it, you will find the way, Doctor?" he addressed me.

I did. Walking through the long corridor with many open doors showing stacks filled with documents, without meeting anyone, I wondered. A bomb dropped here would cause havoc. Why could I, an outlander, walk through the German War Office building alone?

At the end of the corridor a sergeant saluted: "The telegrams concerning you have arrived." The adjutant took my card into the *Sanctum sanctorum*, came back and remarked: "You will have to wait some time. Conferences."

I did wait while walking the floor of that small

reception room, like a navigator his bridge. I attempted to think, but never succeeded. My mind was a blank excepting for the words: "The telegrams have arrived," and I walked that floor for hours, mechanically. Again I made effort to recall my wife and children to memory. They had enough to live on, and I wondered why I was not shocked by such cynical thoughts and why they appeared so trivial. In fact, my whole life seemed but a preparation for the one object now before me, to assist in bringing sick German soldiers to the front again.

Hunger asserted itself and I laughed, because I could be without food or drink for days and keep on walking that floor.

At last the adjutant entered the waiting room with a smile.

"You are to report to General-Physician Arndt of the 20th Army Corps in Allenstein, East Prussia," he announced.

"That is somewhere near Koenigsberg?" I queried.

"Yes. I was there last week. It took me thirty-six hours to reach it," he answered.

"It took me almost three weeks to reach Berlin," I retorted. "Have you a paper for me to show in Allenstein?"

"Not necessary. You have been announced by wire," the adjutant replied, "but please be seated and tell me what you intend to do."

And I told him in few words and short sentences and gradually the faintly supercilious smile disappeared from the face of my young colleague and, when I arose, he struck his heels together, and with a hand-shake wished: "Good success."

Hailing an automobile I raced to the Potsdam railway station, where information regarding the movements of all trains in Germany could be obtained. A dozen clerks behind a counter in a long room gave answer to many, after consulting huge ledgers.

"Next train to Allenstein, East Prussia?" I requested.

"At 10:55 p. m.," the clerk answered.

"And when will it arrive there?"

"At 8:16 the next morning. Expresses to the Eastern front since yesterday!"

I certainly was in luck.

On entering my daughter's flat she threw her arms around my neck, sobbing.

"What's up?" I inquired of her husband while stroking her hair.

"She thought you were lost or killed!" he laughed.

"And he suggested that you might have made some new acquaintance and had forgotten all about me and your grand-children," his wife retorted laughing again, with tears on her cheeks. "I could have killed him for that remark!"

A bell rang. "The children!" my hostess ex-

claimed, and rushed out of the room leaving the door wide open and her tots, entering from their afternoon outing followed by their nurse, a young girl born and raised in Connecticut, U. S. A., made a bee-line for their grandfather.

"So you defended my character?" I addressed the lady of the house, winking at her husband, when their children had made themselves comfortable on my knees. "Thanks! You were quite right in doing so, for I spent five hours in the building of the War Office and I am bound for the Masurian lakes to-night. But now I am hungry."

The 10:55 P. M. express left Berlin on the second. But few civilians were among the passengers, and the scene at the station before starting was a lively, military one. Three army officers shared my compartment, two from the reserve and the third a professional, aristocratic, cavalry captain. While inspecting the bunch of German, English and French illustrated papers bought at the station, he asked permission to join me in looking at the pictures, and soon we were in conversation which became animated and more intimate when he learned that my youngest son-in-law was a comrade of his, now at the front near Ypres—and the outlander felt at home in Germany for the first time during this trip because he was in the company of a professional warrior. Blood will tell.

At 4 A. M. the train ran slowly through the gates of the fortress of Thorn on the Vistula and in the light of early dawn I noticed miles of prepared trenches and barbed wire fences, ready for Russian onslaught.

After a nap of two hours the Masurian lakes came into view, when the morning sun had arisen. Between them, black, well-tilled, rolling soil; men, women and horses at work in the fields, occasionally a patch of timber with trees of one size and then again meadows, where black-and-white cattle were grazing. In all, the scenery looked like a huge, well-kept park.

The express raced on and at 8:16 A. M. arrived at the last stop for civilians, the town of Allenstein.

XII

IN EAST PRUSSIA

AT 9 A. M. I was shown into the office of General-Physician Arndt of the 20th Army Corps, a tall, kindly man in field-grey, with sharp, clean-shaven features, reminding one of the pictures of Moltke.

Our conversation was brief.

"Your visits to our hospitals will be announced by wire," Dr. Arndt said in conclusion, handing me a passport stating that "by order of the German War Office" I was permitted to visit the Reserve hospitals of the 20th Army Corps. This extended North to the Baltic Sea and South to the Russian border.

The door of the hotel recommended by the adjutant of Dr. Arndt had been battered in by Russian troops and the silver and linen of the house had been removed by them.

"No Russian has slept here," the oldish maid laughed when she saw me scratch my head and wriggle in my clothes at sight of the coverless bed in the large steam-heated, electrified room with bath. "They had no time for sleep and were driven out by Hindenburg's men after a short stay, and a still shorter fight."

At 10 A. M. I began to make rounds with Dr. Schroeder, in charge of the division for infectious diseases in the first military hospital in Allenstein.

"Our dysentery and typhoid cases sent back from the front are mild so far," he reported, "but one patient has had very high fever for three days and I am worried about him, and I shall be glad to have your suggestions as to his case."

This patient proved to have typhoid and pneumonia of severe type. When we saw him again the next day he had improved and I told him so by way of encouragement, but he answered with a blank stare.

Dr. Schroeder smiled: "He does not understand you!"

"Have you Polish men in your army who do not understand German?" I inquired.

"Oh no," my colleague answered, "this patient is a Russian prisoner."

It is one thing to walk through the wards of a hospital where one has given orders during twenty-five years, but quite another, to go with a military physician through strange wards near the Russian border trying to interest him in your own methods of treatment. Personality, manners and the prestige of having been announced may assist, but, ultimately, one has to convince the German scientist by logic and result, to make him coincide with your opinion.

B e s c h e i n i g u n g .

Deutsch sprechender amerikanischer Arzt Dr. S e i b e r t
hat die Erlaubnis durch Verfügung des Kriegsministeriums vom 4.
10.14.Nr.1104/10.14.M.A.erhalten,die Reservelazarette des XX.
Armeekorps zu besuchen

Allenstein, den 9. 10. 1914.



Stamm

Generalarztu.stellv.Korps-
arzt des XX.Armeekorps.

Of all work I have ever done, that in East Prussia was the most difficult.

The delicacy of my situation as a visitor was invariably relieved by the manners of the military physicians who took me through their services. By avoiding giving advice unless requested, and by merely asking questions regarding the treatment leading up to the points I wanted to make, I succeeded in interesting one after another in the measures I had devised and found useful. As rounds were made during three days in succession, I could see that these hints were utilized effectively.

Requested to dictate, typewritten copies of my notes were made on three pages, comprising all I had to suggest regarding the treatment of six "war diseases," and my shortest medical paper proved to be effective, judging by the letters and postal cards received from East Prussia.

Thus, as a medical free-lance, I went from one place to another, ate my breakfasts alone, my luncheons occasionally in the company of a colleague, but my evening meals invariably among physicians in uniform, oftentimes of a general's rank, frequently feeling embarrassed because of my civilian clothes and roaming occupation. Their talk touched medicine, science, literature, art and music, but never politics, religion or the military situation of their borderland. These men, giving

their scientific aid to friend and foe alike, exposed daily (at that time) to another possible onslaught of the Russian army in this Northeastern appendix of Germany, were evidently so preoccupied by their calling, that personal thoughts had no room in their brains.

In all towns children went to school unconcernedly; the stores were open, and they and the streets were filled with people. Of course, many of the men were in uniform. All appeared busy. Loungers and unclean streets were absent, as in every German town I had visited during the last forty-four years in peacetime. And I noticed that during the late afternoons the "buds" promenaded, and that, to my anatomically trained eye, these future mothers of German soldiers would win out if compared with their sisters tramping Fifth Avenue, provided the judges could see them in the garb of the Venus of Milo.

Strange to report, very little was seen of soldiers during daytime, but about three in the morning I was usually aroused by long columns stamping their nail-shod boots on the pavement when passing the open windows of my room. Not hundreds, but thousands of them, there were, while only occasionally grey-colored war cars containing officers and two privates with rifles in their hands, raced through the streets while the sun shone.



ALLENSTEIN Hones Tor

No automobile was to be had to take me and the adjutant of General-Physician Arndt to the nearby battlefield of Tannenberg, and all my trips had to be made by rail, but again strange to report, wherever I came to, no one requested me to show my papers.

The days passed. The weather was fine and I rarely had to creep into my raincoat. The food obtained in restaurants and hotels was ample, well-cooked and stocked with venison, grouse and hare to such extent, that I returned to ham and eggs, beef steak and fried potatoes occasionally to remind me of America, and all such meals for the exorbitant price of two marks (48 cents). If the British seriously had attempted to starve out Germany, their gunners should have shot off the game abounding in the forests of that country before Jellicoe received the order: "Capture or destroy the enemy!"

XIII

NEAR THE RUSSIAN BORDER

THE place nearest the Russian border I came to toward the end of my stay was Ortelsburg, a town of about 6000 inhabitants, picturesquely located on one of the Masurian lakes.

After inspecting the new hospital outside of the place, where a professor of technology stood guard in the uniform of a Landwehr private, I fell to viewing the trail of the Russians, for they had occupied this region during three days.

Bullet marks on the walls of houses at the Southern end of the town and large cuts in the steeple and roof of a Gothic brick church made by artillery, proved that fighting had been done here, but the complete destruction of every house along the main business street by explosives and fire was not done in battle. These houses had been one to three-story modern buildings of stone and iron, and each looked as though an explosion had wrecked it, for the bricks and mortar lay in heaps and the iron girders were bent and twisted.

Not a single house outside of this street was wrecked, and not one in it had escaped complete destruction.

On inquiry, I learned that when retiring for 'strategical reasons' from a place, the Russians were in the habit of marching off with a 'destroyer company' at the tail end of their column, composed of past-masters in the arts of incendiarism and bomb-throwing. In this case they must have been experts, for a cleaner job performed within half an hour, could not be imagined.

It happened to be market day. The wrecked main street was lined by dozens of wagons containing farm produce and fat geese. Polish farmers with their small horses, Jewish traders in long curls and kaftans, housewives with baskets and men in uniform,—made a fine moving picture show.

All were busy, and if any were depressed, they certainly did not show it.

Needless to mention, beggars were conspicuous by their absence, and no one offered to show the sights and to tell the story. On the contrary, the few natives addressed for information gave but curt answers with sarcastic smiles, as though astonished to meet an idler. Men were busy repairing the roof of the shelled church at the Southern end of the town, and others were carting away bricks of a factory ruined by Russian artillery.

The day was fine, the sun was bright and a brisk wind from the East promised good weather. Passing out of the place I wandered due South

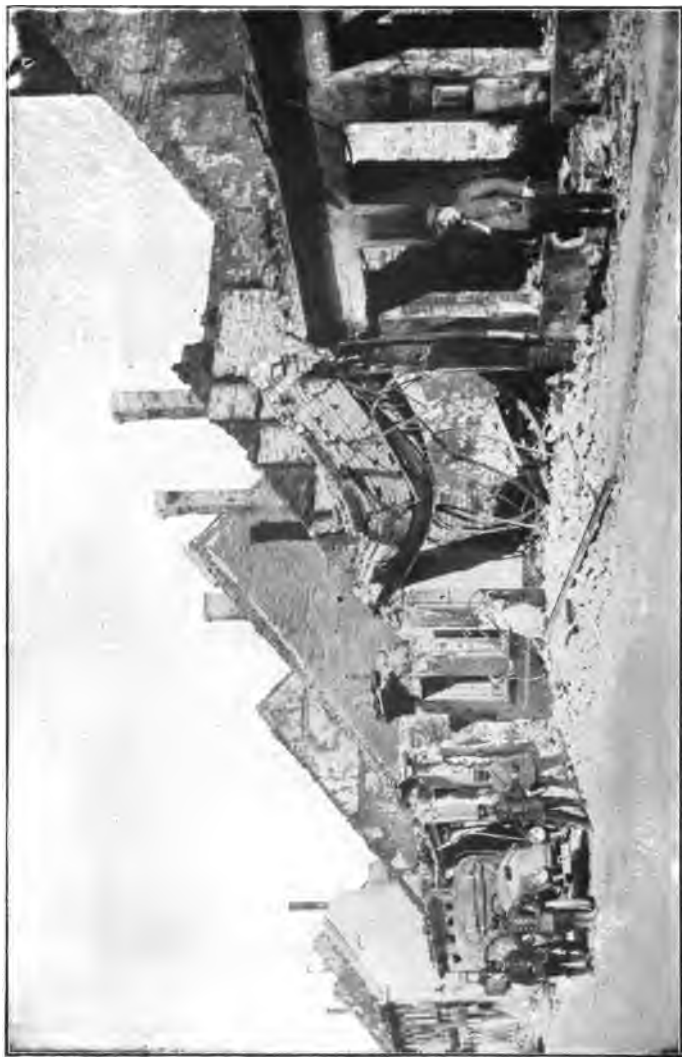


Russian Expert Work.

for miles to reach a hill in the distance, expecting a good view of the landscape. Along the road small farm houses reminded one of America and I stopped occasionally to talk to the women of the farmers. Not given by nature to probe into private affairs, the advice of a newspaper correspondent from Koenigsberg to question the women, and not the men, had been remembered. The women invariably stated that the Russian soldiers had demanded bread, with pistols drawn, because they were hungry and their tins, supplied by their government, had oftentimes contained sand instead of food. The women had placed pictures of Catholic saints in their windows, illumined by candles in the evening. Of a dozen of these Polish females but one reported that a Russian had misbehaved. And when she had complained to an officer, the culprit had been whipped with a knout (horse-whip) so that blood streamed from his face.

A barn near the hill I was making for, attracted my attention. It was stocked with grain, and three children were playing hide and seek around it and through abandoned trenches, the eldest a blond-haired girl of eleven.

Their mother expressed the belief that the Russians did not burn the barn because their trenches did not reach up to it. Furthermore these trenches were the first to be emptied when Hindenburg's men drove them out. The blond hair and fair



In Ortelsburg.

skin of her daughter were accounted for by the fact that her father was a blond German, now in the army, of course.

"She takes after him and the boys after me," the Polish mother remarked with a sad smile.

"And how did you like the Russian soldiers?" I inquired of the girl.

"I never saw them!" the young miss answered vigorously. "Mother kept me under the potatoes in the cellar for three days, until they had gone."

The woman stared in open fright at her child and began to scold her in Polish.

"Stop that!" I interrupted her, placing my arm around the weeping child. "I'm not a Russian border spy, but a physician. The Sister Superior of the hospital I serve in, across the ocean, gave me her blessing and came out to the sidewalk to see me off. Here is her signature!"

"I see the Cross and the seal," the border woman murmured, staring at the document. "It must be true what you say and I'm glad you came. You are under oath. Will you listen and tell no one?"

I nodded, and she crumpled all up in a heap on the wall of a trench and without a tear, told her story of the three days of Russian occupation.

And while I listened, the shine of the sun turned grey, the beauty of the landscape vanished, my spine grew cold, the ground under me seemed to

melt away, and all my pride of being a man left me, for at last I had been brought face to face with the naked, scientific fact that, unless under iron restraint, the human animal is worse than the wildest brute.

Leaving the border woman, her children and the barn, I wandered toward the distant hill mechanically until, at last, four fresh graves, adorned by leaves and flowers aroused me, at a crossing of the road. A sergeant and three privates of the 176th infantry regiment had fallen and been buried here, a wooden tablet stated. And I sat down and stared at those graves with envy in my heart, because I was not in one of them.

"The 176th infantry," I soliloquized. "I know the 143d, have seen it march, have heard its band play and was present when the youngest lady of that regiment was married shortly before this war, in a Madison Avenue church. Also I know her grave, so near the Western front that she can hear the boom of the cannon by day and by night, while her young husband is seeking a soldier's death in battle."

It might have been minutes but it felt like a half century that I sat there, staring Eastward toward Russia, when a sound reached my ear which instantly recalled my boyhood, when I rode broncho ponies near the Mississippi,—the click of a horse's shoe against a stone. True

enough, a troop of cavalry in field-grey, lances in hand, were coming up the hill.

Arising, I awaited meeting them, and when they drew nearer their horses panted, but suddenly their leader turned into a road running due South, and he and his troop vanished over the hill, like a spectre in broad day-light.

In the busy restaurant of the hotel in Ortelsburg, I joined two middle aged civilians waiting to be served. They had been among the soldiers in the trenches at Suwalki and Stallupönen and had taken pictures with a large camera. Noticing my interest in the feeding and sanitary well-fare of the soldiers, they gradually dropped their reserve and gave me valuable information on these subjects. They appeared well pleased with the manner in which the common soldiers were fed and taken care of, but I pricked my ears when one of them said:

"Not so along the Austrian front! There the men are suffering through the inefficiency of their officers, who allowed the Russians to cross the Carpathian mountains. They have no system!"

The man's eyes flashed and his companion poked him with his elbow. Just then a waiter arrived with the soup.

"Before you join our meal you must learn that we are Social-Democratic members of the Reichstag (parliament)," one of the men addressed me.

"Impossible!" I exclaimed, astonished.

"Why do you doubt it?" the man inquired.

"Because you do not exist any more," I replied. "You are dead. All of you were shot at the outbreak of this war by order of the Kaiser. You can't fool me! I'm a New Yorker and I have read our papers, the best on earth. When the *New York Chimes*, the *New York Earth*, the *New York Typhoon*, the *New York Howler* and, —last but not least—the *Evening Boast*, have all stated that you are in Heaven, how can you be here in Ortelsburg hungry for soup and roast goose? But, if you don't mind, I'll run the risk to dine with your ghosts!"

Then we shook hands, had a hearty laugh and a good meal.

XIV

FICTION FACTORIES

THE tables reserved for the military physicians in a corner of the restaurant "Zur Traube" in Allenstein that evening were surrounded by quite a gathering, for Prof. Wernicke, now General-Physician and Chief Bacteriological Inspector of the entire Eastern front, was present. A large man of fifty-six, with a clean-shaven, broad countenance.

"So you came from America?" he inquired when Dr. Schroeder had introduced me; "then you must sit on the sofa next to me." And without further ceremony he placed me to the right of the only civilian aside of myself, a man with sharp features and eye-glasses, who sat at the head of the table next to General-Physician Arndt.

While we consulted the bill of fare, Wernicke dilated on America and reported on the splendid reception the scientific men and the Health authorities of New York had given him in 1893, mentioning incidents, names, and places I was well acquainted with. All this with so much warm feeling, high expectations and good wishes



Allenstein.

An East Prussian Street.

for the future of the United States, that he almost brought tears to my eyes.

A waiter, placing a partridge before me, interrupted him, saying that I had been given the last bird at hand.

"Here's the illustration of an American!" the scientist laughed with a slap on my shoulder. "He ordered his bird before he sat down."

"I am innocent," I protested, "for Dr. Schroeder, who took me here to-night, knew that a Masurian lake partridge would suit me better on my last evening in East Prussia than ham and eggs."

"Where did you come from to-night?" General-Physician Arndt inquired, and I told him.

"Send him to Stallupönen and Suwalki where he can see sights, compared to which Ortelsburg is a paradise!" Wernicke broke in, munching his food.

"I am bound to my instructions from the War Office," Dr. Arndt answered with a shrug of his shoulders.

"You had better curtail the roaming of your visitor," the civilian remarked, "for to-day he was not far from the Kossacks! His American passport would not have prevented them from shooting him as a spy, or from sending him to Siberia, if they had caught him."

Prof. Wernicke had finished his meal and looked contented.

"Nothing of that sort would have happened to him!" he laughed. "The certificate from his Catholic hospital would have prevented it.—But to change the subject, why do American papers print this rubbish about German atrocities and treat us like enemies? I was completely surprised when I heard of it!"

"If you were, I was not," I answered feeling very uncomfortable, "for one could not expect in wartime what was never practised during the forty-four years of peace, namely, fair play to Germany! You and the German authors who wrote books on America, obtained your knowledge in weeks of travel, and at dinners given in your honor, while I have read New York newspapers and magazines during half a century, and I can prove from their files that their attitude toward everything German has invariably been maliciously hostile, an occasional, condescending article on music, art or science notwithstanding. This press campaign began in 1864 and flourished grotesquely while the Germans fought the French in 1870."

"That was during wartime, when people are excited," Wernicke replied. "Can you give me facts from times of peace to illustrate your assertion?"

"Certainly, and I will begin with one which concerns you personally," I answered. "Twenty years ago Emil Behring published his invention

of a curative serum against diphtheria, the greatest remedy ever devised by human effort. You had materially assisted him in this for years. Nine months later, during December of 1894, the *New York Herald*, then our foremost daily, printed articles with large headlines for weeks, requesting contributions for the manufacture of this great remedy invented by—Prof. Roux in Paris! The medical advisory committee, indorsing these statements in each article, comprised the names of prominent local physicians, some of whom had received their bacteriological training in Berlin, but recently. When at last a friend of mine went to the office of the *Herald* and threatened to have the editor denounced ‘for willfully perverting scientific facts’ at the next meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine, this paper published a cablegram from Prof. Roux, in French and in English, the next morning disclaiming any participation in, and giving sole credit to Behring of Berlin for the discovery of this so-called anti-toxin. But in an editorial of the same issue Prof. Roux was lauded to the sky for not having taken the chance to steal this honor from a German and, unconcernedly, the *Herald* kept on from day to day to solicit alms for the manufacture of Prof. Roux’s great remedy.”

Conversation had ceased when Prof. Wernicke put the question and all listened attentively while he was being answered but when I had finished,

much to my surprise, a merry laughter from all around that table broke the silence.

"This is very funny!" the big scientist spurted out while wiping the tears from his cheeks. "Have you more such stories to tell?"

"Yes," I answered soberly. "When the New York steamer *General Slocum*, containing fifteen hundred women, children and men of a German Lutheran Sunday School excursion burned on the East River on June 15th, 1904, with a loss of over one thousand lives, the New York papers proclaimed her captain a 'hero' before the victims of his negligence had been counted. I was on the wharf that evening and the next morning for hours, and examined hundreds of burned and drowned human remnants of this atrocity. The United States government, in charge of all steamboat inspection, made light work of this affair for the *Slocum* 'hero' of the New York press, Captain van Schaik, was pardoned after a short imprisonment so he could marry the nurse who pulled him out of the water. He was a descendant of an old Dutch New York family, while the victims of his and his government's negligence were but Germans and their children."

"When the *Titanic* had been driven into ice and sunk by her English captain in spite of the wireless warnings he had received the same day, with a loss of fifteen hundred lives including many Americans, the New York papers instantly pro-

claimed him a 'hero' and asserted in big headlines for days, that German steamers near, did not come to the rescue. When the Congressional investigation, conducted in Washington, proved this to be malicious falsehood and that the only vessel which could have saved all lives, being even near enough to see the *Titanic's* skyrockets, had been the English steamer *Californian*, the New York papers did not report this in large headlines on their front pages, but in very small print, inside of their sheets.

"When the *Viturno* was on fire in mid-ocean during a gale (in October, 1913) with eight steamers around her, the men of the English Cunarder did not succeed in reaching her, for they picked up but one man drifting near their own vessel in life-belts and their captain steamed away, while the sailors of German steamers succeeded in taking off the imperilled passengers and crew. Meanwhile, the New York papers printed the following headlines: 'The German crew of the burning *Viturno* in cowardly mutiny!' 'The captain of the English Cunarder *Carmonia* is directing the rescue work of all the steamers near from his bridge!' And, of course, they pronounced him the 'hero,' while the German sailors of the *Grosser Kurfuerst* received not a word of praise when they landed the women, children and men they had succeeded in rescuing at the risk of their lives, after the English had failed!"

This time, no laughter sounded around that table; instead, one could have heard the proverbial pin drop.

"But why this animosity?" the civilian inquired at last.

"Upon my word of honor, I do not know!" I replied. "Of course, hearsay has reached my ears during many years concerning the motives of the New York fiction-factories, the galley-slave work of their poorly paid editorial writers, and the antecedents of their wealthy owners, but, being a scientist, I report only on proven facts."

"But will not the Americans of German blood be a strong factor in ultimately moulding the opinion of your nation as to our cause in this war?" Dr. Schroeder inquired.

"Certainly not while it lasts!" I answered. "On the contrary, their attempts at this, although praiseworthy, will but increase the hostility of the English-American press and not win over a baker's dozen of so-called neutrals. But when this war is over, Germany will not need sympathy, I take it."

Dr. Schroeder saw me back to my hotel that evening.

"Who was the civilian next to me?" I inquired.

"One of the highest officials of this province," he answered, mentioning his name and title (which I have forgotten). "Wernicke placed you to his right, to do you honor."

Of all medical men I had met in East Prussia, Dr. Schroeder had attracted me most. Not because he had received me better than others, for he had not. Not because he was a modern physician, hygienist and bacteriologist, for all others I met were likewise. And not because he had given up his practice to serve his country and to support his wife and two children on the salary of a reserve army physician amounting to 20 marks (five dollars) a day, for many hundreds of his colleagues were doing the same. But because this typical Prussian in appearance, manner and character resembled the dearest friend I had during years when studying at German universities, John Holding, a full-blooded Englishman from Cape-town, South Africa, who fell in battle two years after we parted as British army surgeon, when England was fighting the impies of the Zulus under their chieftain Cetchwago, in 1879.

XV

AMONG WOUNDED

WHEN about to step into the only cab left in Allenstein to reach the railway station the next afternoon, a Red Cross nurse addressed me :

“Please take me along, for I have to accompany wounded officers to Berlin !”

“Certainly,” I answered handing her in after raising my hat, for her speech and manner betrayed the woman of culture used to command.

After relieving her embarrassment by mentioning my calling, but without name or country, and praising the odd beauty of the surrounding Masurian lake region (for her dialect proved her to be an East Prussian), the lady dilated on that subject with a grateful glance until we arrived at the station.

Alone in my compartment of the express I walked the floor for an hour thinking, with the conclusion that another old theory had been proven wrong, for if physicians had no families, I could have gone from the reserve lazarets of one army corps to those of many others, all winter long.

“Will you take coffee?” a very young waiter inquired at the door of the compartment.

"Of course," I answered, "but where does it come from?"

"From the dining car," the boy answered.

"That means progress!" I mused while sipping the excellent beverage.

For weeks I had not read newspapers and had but looked at the pictures of illustrated journals. The result was like dropping tobacco, alcohol, ice-cream and candy, attending church and the meetings of medical societies.

I can recommend this cure for 'newspaperitis' to my fellow townsmen, the perusal of the editorials of the *Evening Boast* excepted, which may replace the sleeping powders made in Germany.

When the tea came with the fried potatoes and steak in the diner, I sent it back and asked for a pint of Rhine-wine.

"May I give this tea to a wounded soldier?" the waiter inquired.

"If you add sandwiches enough to make a meal," I answered. "How many wounded are on board of this train?"

"About two dozen, aside of the officers."

"When will they get their suppers?"

"At 1 A. M., in Berlin!"

"Call the head waiter," I concluded the conversation and, after a consultation with this official, left the diner.

In the corridor the Red Cross nurse I had taken

to the station in Allenstein requested me to look at one of the wounded officers in her charge who had a fever. The patient, a first lieutenant of the reserve from Hamburg, had his left shattered hand and forearm in bandages, but his fever had another source, which to a measure, could be removed. He had lain forty-eight hours on an Eastern battlefield without food or drink before he was found five days ago. He told me of a letter from his brother serving in another regiment, which he had with him, which reached him a week after the writer had fallen.

On the other couch rested a captain with five bullet wounds through his right leg, without fever and in splendid humor. He was a professional soldier and an aristocrat, larger than his comrade, with a voice like a fog-horn, and he treated the nurse with marked deference.

The latter sat on a camp chair at the window and I on another near the door. The lady looked tired and worn out.

"You must have a nap! My overcoat alone is in compartment No. 4 of the next car. It will serve you for cover while I will stay here and attend to your patients," I told her.

The nurse arose with a weary smile.

"I will obey your orders for an hour."

After readjusting the feverish man's pillows and giving him a tablet, I turned down the light, opened the window, told the aristocrat that his

comrade needed sleep, took the uninjured hand of the patient and ordered: "Shut your eyes and go to sleep. I will stay here until you awake."

The train raced on; the wounded warriors snored; the nurse slept under the ulster in my compartment, while I held the hand of a wounded man of my race as though he were my son and the reminiscences of a long life passed through my brain.

After an hour the Red Cross nurse reappeared and smilingly said: "The corridor is lined with soldiers. They asked for you, Doctor."

When I returned the captain exclaimed:

"Thunder-weather! What entitled you to take off a parade of our men on this train?"

"Nothing worth mentioning," I answered with a blush.

"Your report does not coincide with the Doctor's answer, Countess!" the officer remarked curtly, but with twinkling eyes. "He is an outlander and this is wartime."

"My only title while in uniform, Captain, is 'Sister Marie,' as you ought not to forget," the Countess replied with shining eyes. Her weariness had evidently disappeared entirely. "Yes, Doctor, your fellow-conspirator, the head waiter of the diner, gave you away when he found me instead of you in compartment No. 4, and he gave me a full account of how your twenty-five wounded guests cleaned out his entire supply of Wiener

schnitzel in the diner, and how he and his help had to carve for and feed those who had their hands bandaged. They all behaved modestly and ate moderately, although they could order whatever and as much as they pleased. Each one took two cigars, but all refused the two bottles of beer you had ordered. They will certainly remember this meal, their first repast in a dining car."

"So you had ordered beer!" the captain laughed. "Don't you know that it is forbidden to give alcohol to the wounded?"

"Yes!" I replied, "but I'm sorry they did not drink it. I'm an American. Nothing pleases us more than to disobey. It is a habit with us. In this case I will take my chances in a German court, for I gave orders during an emergency while the only physician on the train."

"Very good!" the captain roared. "Could you not make an emergency case of me?"

"No sir!" I replied. "You do not look worn out enough for a stimulant."

"Pardon me," he continued, "but was it not an extravagant American idea to send these men into the diner, instead of dividing the money spent among them?"

"No!" I answered with emphasis. "An old debt due the fathers of these soldiers has now been paid. When sent to Germany for the first time I arrived in Hamburg two days after the French declaration of war, July 21, 1870, and could ob-

tain no railway ticket. Being a young boy, aged fifteen, I jumped on a train filled with soldiers bound for the front. It was evening and no official was looking. I begged them to take me along because I came from America. They did. In the morning I had to leave and say 'Good-bye,' which gave me the chance to inspect another German town during day-time, but at night another military train took me along, and a third one the next evening. During three nights I travelled among German plain soldiers. They hid, fed and protected me; listened to my descriptions of transatlantic life, and when sleepy, bedded me on their laps covered by an overcoat and even stopped smoking while I slept. The cars were third-class with wooden benches and the compartments were lighted by small oil lamps, but my sleep was invariably sound and refreshing. I do not recall a single oath or bit of vulgar talk, and not the slightest sign of drunkenness, although beer was not 'verboten' during that mobilization. No! If I had accomplished nothing more on this trip than to pay off, in so small a manner, this indebtedness to the sons of the men who treated the little American stranger with so much kindness forty-four years ago during wartime, I would be satisfied."

A short silence prevailed in that compartment, until the wounded aristocrat extended his hand to press mine:

"In my thoughts, I have to beg off much."

"Please continue, Doctor!" his feverish comrade murmured. "While you talk I feel no pain."

And I told them of my last trip across the Atlantic and of Miss Whieting, for they were young people, as yet inclined to romance, and none of them had ever been at sea.

"Your story reminds me of the novel, *My Official Wife!*" the patient exclaimed excitedly. "Have you read it?"

"No," I replied. "Since long novels have ceased to interest me because most authors have incorrect knowledge of what they report, and usually deviate from reality. Just so the playwrights, who let their heroes or villains die on the stage in a ridiculously impossible manner. Fiction is misleading and harmful, like smoking opium."

"You are a callous medical man!" the captain laughed. "How could we go through life without delusion?"

"Much better," I replied dryly. "Delusions, caused by fictitious novels, have brought this war about! Science will win and end it."

A guard came along the corridor announcing: "Berlin!" Time had passed quickly.

The officers were bound for the second and I for the third station of that city. After the feverish lieutenant had been placed on a stretcher in the Friederichstrasse Bahnhof, attempts were

made by sanitarians to bring out the aristocrat with his plastered leg, but without success, until his soldier-servant, a giant *bursche*, brushed them aside without ceremony and took the patient into his arms, like a mother her child.

"He needs no assistance," the captain remarked cheerfully, "for he carried me from the battlefield under fire!"

As I placed my last cigarette between the lips of the patient on the stretcher, the nurse who was standing among some elderly officers, rushed up and extended both hands:

"Sometime in life, I hope to meet you again!"

"Don't keep the Doctor, Countess," the lieutenant called out, "his train is in motion!"

Jumping on the running-board, I remained there holding up my hand until the wounded and their nurse were cut of sight.

XVI

COMMUTING SWISS SOLDIERS

AFTER spending one day in making a contract with a chemical firm for the manufacture of a certain remedy of my own device, whereby my profits went to the widows and orphans of fallen soldiers through the War Office, I spent the second in looking up the Social-Democratic members of the Reichstag I had met in East Prussia. I admired the buildings the workmen of Berlin had put up and still more what I learned of their organization, lunched in the Rathskeller with one of them, and wound up the day by inspecting the "twelve worst dwellings in Berlin" under the guidance of one of his subordinates.

Nine of these habitations were in old houses within a rifle shot of the Kaiser's palace, waiting to be torn down for the high prices their owners demanded. In the oldest, three rickety stairs led up to the attic where two old men, skilled but roaming workmen, (*handwerksburschen*), were waiting for the death of old age, in a toy bedroom and kitchen. Both appeared contented and looked very much alike, so as to recall the description of the monks Bertram and Sintram in Freytag's *Nest der Zaunkoenige*, who lived in

the convent of Herolfsfeld-on-the-Fulda in Hessa nine hundred years ago.

In only one of the nine families I found disorder. Here the mother of three anemic children was hysterical. Her husband was at the front.

The three dwellings in the modern districts were janitor lodgings, in the basements of tenements. Again, in one of them disorder, due to hysteria.

"You have seen our worst dwellings," my young guide remarked, after we had climbed out of the last basement. "None of the people in them starve. No sickness is tolerated at home, for all patients are sent to our hospitals, but we cannot change the character of some of the mothers."

"How about alcoholism among the women?" I inquired.

"That is practically unknown in Berlin," the guide answered.

Evening had come before we were through and the electric street lights began to burn. Of course I had lost my bearings, for we had been four hours under way.

"Would you mind walking with me to the centre of the town, while I ask questions?" I inquired.

"Certainly not," my guide answered. "I am under orders."

To those of my fellow-townsmen who care to learn the naked truth about the conditions of the laboring class in large cities, I can but recommend visiting the twelve worst dwellings in New York, in London and in Berlin after this war is over. Then the editorials of their newspapers on the difference between English "culture" and German "Kultur" will not impress them. And if they go a bit further and spend a week in each town, they will find ragged children and drunken women only in London; more bath-tubs in New York City (with the finest plumbing and the filthiest, typhoid-soaked water) than in Great Britain, and the most contented, patriotic workmen in Berlin.

While travelling South I saw a train filled with French military surgeons and nurses in uniform bound for the prisoner's camp near Cassel, in Hessa. They had come in exchange. German boys, wearing caps of their college classes, were trying their French on the hereditary foes of their race at the windows of the cars. At last! If time had permitted I would have gone over to shake hands with my French colleagues, but although this was impossible, my pride of being a physician rose to its normal level for the first time since this war started! The English had not taken German physicians off neutral steamers, and the French government had released the captured German military physicians condemned to prison for theft, because they had taken French wine

for their patients. Again I held my head erect, for as long as scientific men dealing out their knowledge to friend and foe alike are immune against arbitrary military power, so-called civilization has not been extinguished among the warring nations entirely.

Some few days later, my international son-in-law and I were tramping the road between Ludwigshoehe, Germany, and Basel, Switzerland, a mile away, in a driving rain, after our passports had been inspected, stamped and countersigned at the last German railway station. A young boy was running ahead with our luggage on a small wagon.

The border of Switzerland was barricaded by a fence made of twigs and shrubbery, which any Texas steer could have trampled down. The Swiss, apparently, were very much afraid of German transgression of their border.

A young German officer again asked for our passports on the veranda of a small house, half Swiss and half German. Bareheaded and dripping wet, I handed him the first paper of the bunch in my overcoat pocket. It happened to be my free-pass issued in East Prussia, by order of the German War Office.

"But where are you bound for now, Doctor?" he inquired with an intonation of reproach.

"To where my wife and children live across the ocean," I replied harshly, looking straight

into his eyes. We stared at one another for some time, until the young warrior at last stiffened up, clicked his heels and saluted.

"Ah! I understand now. Good voyage!"

During wartime I went into and came out of Germany, without the border guards ever looking at my passport.

Silence reigned in the carriage hurrying toward Basel, but at last my companion placed his hand on my arm.

"Do not talk to me!" I exclaimed. "Like a coward I'm leaving the people of my race hedged in by foes, instead of shaving my beard off, joining their men in the trenches, and reaching an honest death in battle!"

"Some members of your family feared that you might attempt this," my companion answered, "but I knew better. Men of your age, experience, knowledge and kind disposition, will be invaluable in bringing the nations together again after this war is over."

We were the only guests in the largest hotel of Basel that night. A train took us through the tunnel under the St. Gotthard in sixteen minutes the next day, while it had taken Hannibal fifteen days to cross the Alps (over the small St. Bernard) 219 years before the birth of Christ, but, of course, he had 102,000 men and 37 elephants with him. The modern Swiss had not been afraid to have their Alpine barriers toward

Italy pierced under the Gotthard and the Simplon, as the British the mud under the Channel, for they knew that a tunnel could be blocked in few seconds during wartime, and that an army from the South could no more cross their Alps to-day, than those of their Austrian kinsmen in the Tyrol.

If the British had reasoned likewise years ago, their troops and war material could reach the Western war front in as many hours as it must take them days, now.

Such a drastic change in weather, scenery and inhabitants as occurred between the Northern and Southern end of the St. Gotthard tunnel after quarter of an hour's ride in the dark, I dare say, may not present itself to the traveller elsewhere on earth. For while North of the Alps we encountered early morning fog, occasional rain and only now and then a chilly peep of the sun; saw the Northern villages and shepherd huts of the mountaineers ready for winter; and the inhabitants Germanic in feature and frame, going to church and their uniformed young men entering and, leaving the train without noise, bravado, or horse-play,—South of the mountain the cars raced down hill through hot sunshine; past vine-clad huts, yellow houses, villages, towns and ruins of old castles, while the young men in Swiss uniform not alone conversed in loud Italian, but also with their hands, shoulders and facial muscles, and the

prim cleanliness of Northern Switzerland had disappeared.

"Swiss friends report that the government employs its Italian-speaking soldiers on the Northern front, and its Germanic men along the Southern border, during this mobilization," I addressed my companion, on returning from a lengthy conversation with the conductor of the train in the corridor to our compartment. "What I have seen so far, looks like the reverse!"

"You forget that this is Sunday," my son-in-law replied with one of his most sarcastic laughs. "The mobilized Swiss militiamen commute at week-ends to meet their wives or sweethearts, for from North to South, one can travel through this toy country in six hours on a good train."

XVII

A FAMILIAR ODOR

MY COMPANION passed the Italian border guard (a civilian with piercing, black eyes and long mustache under a broad, soft hat) at Chiasso readily, after presenting his American passport bedecked by many endorsements of foreign consuls, but I was turned back with the sweep of an arm because my passport had not been endorsed by an Italian consul, and the one nearest resided in Lugano, twenty miles to the rear.

"You turn him back?" my companion exclaimed with a dive for his purse. "Why he is an old man and my father-in-law!"

For the first time during fifteen years of acquaintance I saw this scientific vendor of subterranean American produce lose his calm manner, so that I burst into a loud laugh in which the border guard and the interpreter joined heartily.

And so we parted, he to go on to Rome and I to return to Lugano and to lose an entire day, for but one train left the Swiss border for Genoa during twenty-four hours.

That evening I sat in the balcony of a hotel room facing Lugano Lake, after enjoying a lonely

twilight roam through the old town with its narrow, winding streets, quaint Italian houses and purely Italian inhabitants. I had gone along the lonely promenade on the lake front with its closed hotels and tourist offices, and back to the ghastly solitude of the large dining room and corridors of the hostelry, where the sound of one's footstep echoed sharply through the grave-like silence.

The air was calm and quiet. No leaf on the trees along the lake was moving and, but now and then, the shrill tone from a steamer whistle sounded through the night from afar, like the screech of some giant bird of prey.

At last the moon arose from beyond the mountains across the deserted lake, shining through the hazy atmosphere like a large, yellow coin of gold dipped in blood. Gradually an odor of mouldy decay crept into my nostrils, which I first attributed to the dead autumnal leaves on the ground below. But a strangely familiar blend in it aroused me, so that I drew in the air deeply, when I became convinced that this smell of the dissecting room, emanated from the many dead lying unburied on the battlefields of the Alsace during days and weeks, not many miles away.

Of all the atrocities alleged to have been committed during this war, the desertion of the wounded on the battlefields between the lines, to slowly die of thirst, starvation and wound fever; and the abandonment of the dead to rot and pol-

lute the atmosphere—for military reasons,—cannot help but bring utmost contempt to the minds of the scientific men of all nations later on, and the names of the commanders responsible, will, at best, be doomed by them to fameless oblivion.

The next afternoon the Italian border guard at Chiasso smiled, doffed his hat and took one of my cigarettes when I passed him with my endorsed passport. A young Genoese lawyer entertained me in conversation during the hours our train ran over the plains of Northern Italy where hundreds of battles, known to history, had been fought by the Punic Hannibal, the Roman Cæsar, the Gothic Alarich, the Corsican Napoleon and his small nephew Louis. When again alone beyond Milano, I was wondering if this most blood-stained patch of Europe would not obtain its accustomed toll of this fluid before the peace treaty of this war had been ratified.

The next morning early I walked up hill along the street-car tracks of Genoa to the end of the line and beyond, to obtain a good view of the town and harbor, until stopped by a sentinel. For hours I tramped the streets to see, to read and to listen.

The view was fine, what I read was bad, and what I heard was worse.

On returning to the hotel I learned that my trunk, checked from Basel to Genoa two days

ago, had not arrived. Although the reputation of Italian railways regarding the care of baggage was not the best, I knew also that my trunk had a habit of playing "hide-and-seek" with me when not on American or German ships or soil. After reporting this fact to the baggage-master at the station with my best smile and friendliest manner to no effect, I changed my tone and speech and gave him five minutes by my watch to produce that trunk, or to prepare for a much warmer climate than that of Italy,—and he took the first alternative speedily.

In the hotel half of the vagrant trunk's lock dropped into my hand, so that at last I understood the remark of the young Genoese lawyer in the train after he had listened to my experience at the border :

"My people did not know who you were yesterday, but they know to-day."

No wonder !

XVIII

NOBLE GRATITUDE

WHILE watching the arrival of the steeragers from the deck of the *Duca D'Aosta*, about to leave for New York, a man with mutton-chop whiskers and thin lips addressed me in London English:

"Have you a coin left for the Salvation Army?"

"Certainly," I replied, dropping some silver into his tin.

"When you say your prayer, on retiring, I hope you will pray for the success of the Allies every night!" the spy, in the garb of a Holy man, suggested.

"Most decidedly," I replied with all the sarcasm in me, remembering that my last nocturnal devotion belonged to ancient history, "and, in particular, I shall then pray for the success of the Japanese!"

That day we passed Corsica and Sardinia during squalls, the former reminding one of the forceful originality of a single man, and the latter of the mediocrity of the mass compressed in the tin of oily conventionality, and the next morning we docked at Naples, to stay till 10 P. M. I declined to join a party of Metropolitan Opera

singers in motoring to the ruins of Pompeii at the base of the smoking Vesuvius, although the constant screeching of the dark-skinned natives on the wharf sounded through the ship as though a flock of pre-historic giant gulls had descended on a dead whale near by.

My learned father had published *A History of the Kingdom of Naples* long ago and, while leaning over the railing of the *Duca* with the town and its grand surroundings in view, I wondered why, and also, why Conradin 'the Hohenstaufe' and other Northern men, before and after him, had come South to conquer Italy and have their heads chopped off in the attempt, as happened to him. Rather a high price to pay for looking at fine shore scenery and Roman ruins! True enough, since his death in 1268, many cathedrals and galleries with 'old masters' have been added to the attractions of Italy, and the chance of being infected by the virulent malaria parasites of the Roman Campagna, has been materially reduced by the activity of her scientists through governmental distribution of effective quinine among the natives. Nevertheless I was not impressed, not even in the museum of Naples, through which I wandered that afternoon, after dodging the dripping linen strung across the streets to dry in the poorer sections of the town. For how could the sight of marble figures chiseled before and after

Caesar's tiny wars, impress one during the greatest struggle between the white races?

We spent the next day in the Sicilian harbor of Palermo where the island mountains towering above the flat-roofed, yellow houses of the town presented a fine picture in bright sunlight.

The Straits of Gibraltar were passed after an officer of a British torpedo boat had given his permission through a megaphone, and ten days steaming brought the *Duca* outside of Sandy Hook, where the British auxiliary cruiser *Carmonia*, of *Viturno* fame, now in war-paint and a long gun on her forward deck, signalled condescendingly that we might enter New York Harbor.

The food and the attendance on the *Duca D'Aosta* had been excellent. I had not experienced a minute of illness, for sea-sickness never touched me while spending one and a half of the sixty years of my life on the Atlantic, and good luck had deserted the roaming free-lance on this trip no more than on many others. But when the steamer left the quarantine at Staten Island I felt anxious to meet my family, for but one postal card had reached me in East Prussia since leaving them, three months before.

The upper harbor of New York, known and loved so well by me from childhood on, appeared ominously empty of shipping except a dozen untidy ocean tramps anchored abreast

the Statue of Liberty, waiting for their load of 'neutral' shot and shell to assist revengeful political dillettants in France, the Russian Czar, and the real king of Great Britain, Edward the Grey, in extending the thanks of their peoples to the 'barbarian Germans' for safe-guarding the lives of their women and children by their scientific work, given 'free of charge,' during the last thirty years.

How 'deelighted' American parents, patients and practitioners will be when they realize the true meaning of this 'shot-and-shell gratitude' to 'out-lawed' Germany,—after this war is over!

The letter reproduced on the following page from England's foremost physician, was among my accumulated mail.

The document proves that even so eminent a scientist as Sir William Osler can be hypnotized by wartime into *believing* 'first-hand stories' of men who fled their country at a time when they were needed there most, the Belgian professors he speaks of,—like the consul at Queens-town, the *Botherdam's* surgeon and the Southerner, Culbertson, who read the New York Health Department's letter given to me in 1892 without ever looking at the date! Wartime hypnosis.

From the Regius Professor of Medicine, Oxford.

25, September, 1914.

Dear Seibert,

Thanks for your pamphlet. If here, you would read a different story, and you could see the spirit of the country. The Germans against whom we are waging war are not the Germans that we used to know, but these military barbarians of the first water. You should hear the first-hand stories of some of the Belgian professors who are now with us - they would make even your Teutonic blood boil

Sincerely yours,



Prof. Osler *knows* that, if the 'barbarian' Robert Koch and his German pupils had not developed modern bacteriology and thus found the true causes of most infectious diseases and the possibility of their cure (formerly searched for by lengthy pen-and-ink antics in medical journals and by windy discussions in medical meetings), he could not now persuade British soldiers to have dead typhoid-germs, found by the 'barbarian' Eberth, injected under their skins to make them immune against typhoid fever.

And my friend in Oxford also *knows* that if, for instance, the German government had prevented Emil Behring from giving his invention of a positive cure of diphtheria free to all the world, as he did, instead of keeping it a trade secret for exclusive manufacture in Germany,—over one hundred thousand American children would have been strangled to death during 'the first year of this war, not to mention those in countries now at odds with the 'barbarians,' for England inhibits all export from Germany.

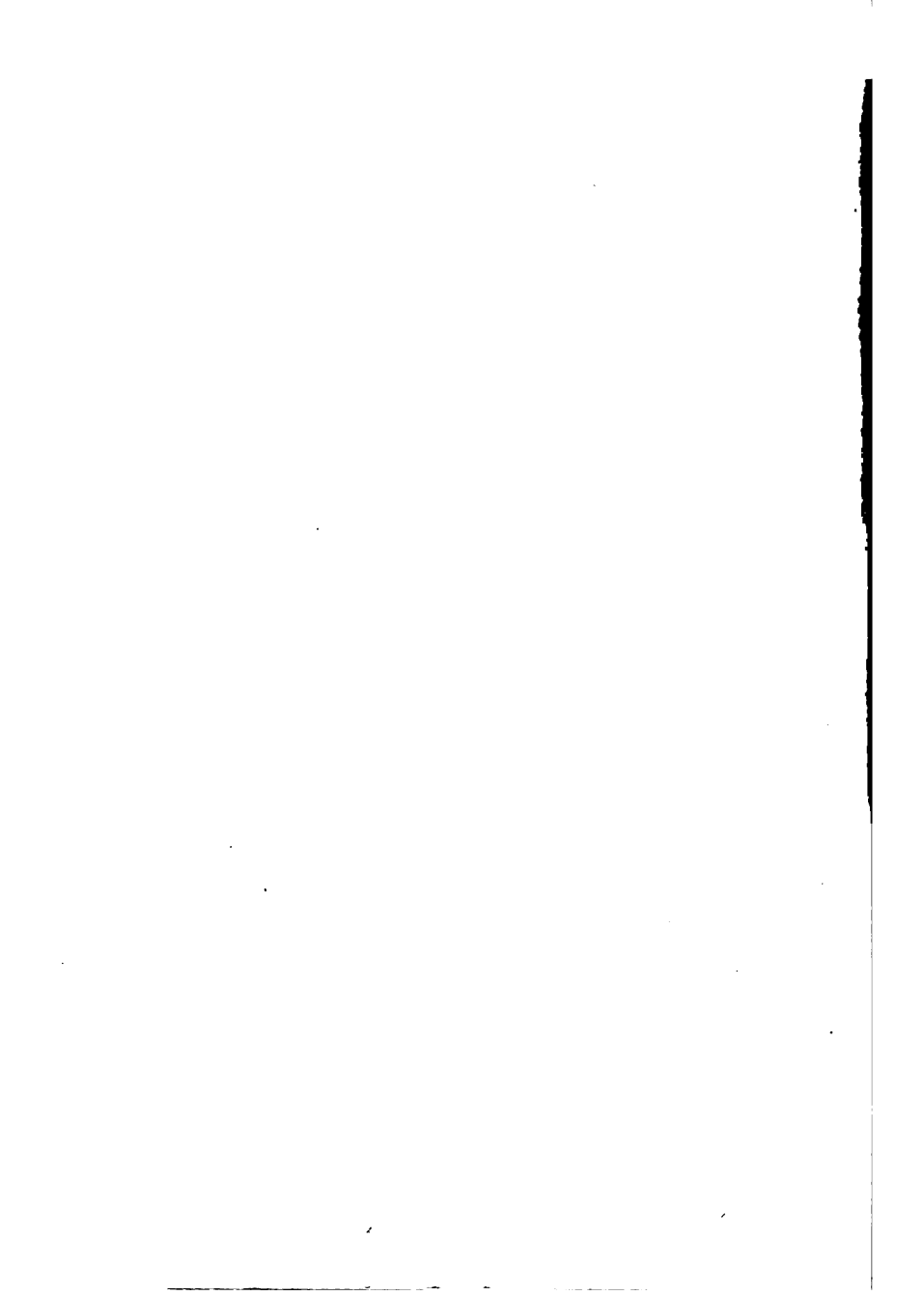
Or, possibly, such a measure could have prevented this war!

In conclusion, I can not refrain from reminding Dr. Osler (whom to-day I esteem as before and who may take this booklet as an answer to his letter), of Heine's verdict on the English:

"They have four hundred and fifty different religions—and but one sauce"!

"Scientia veritas est."

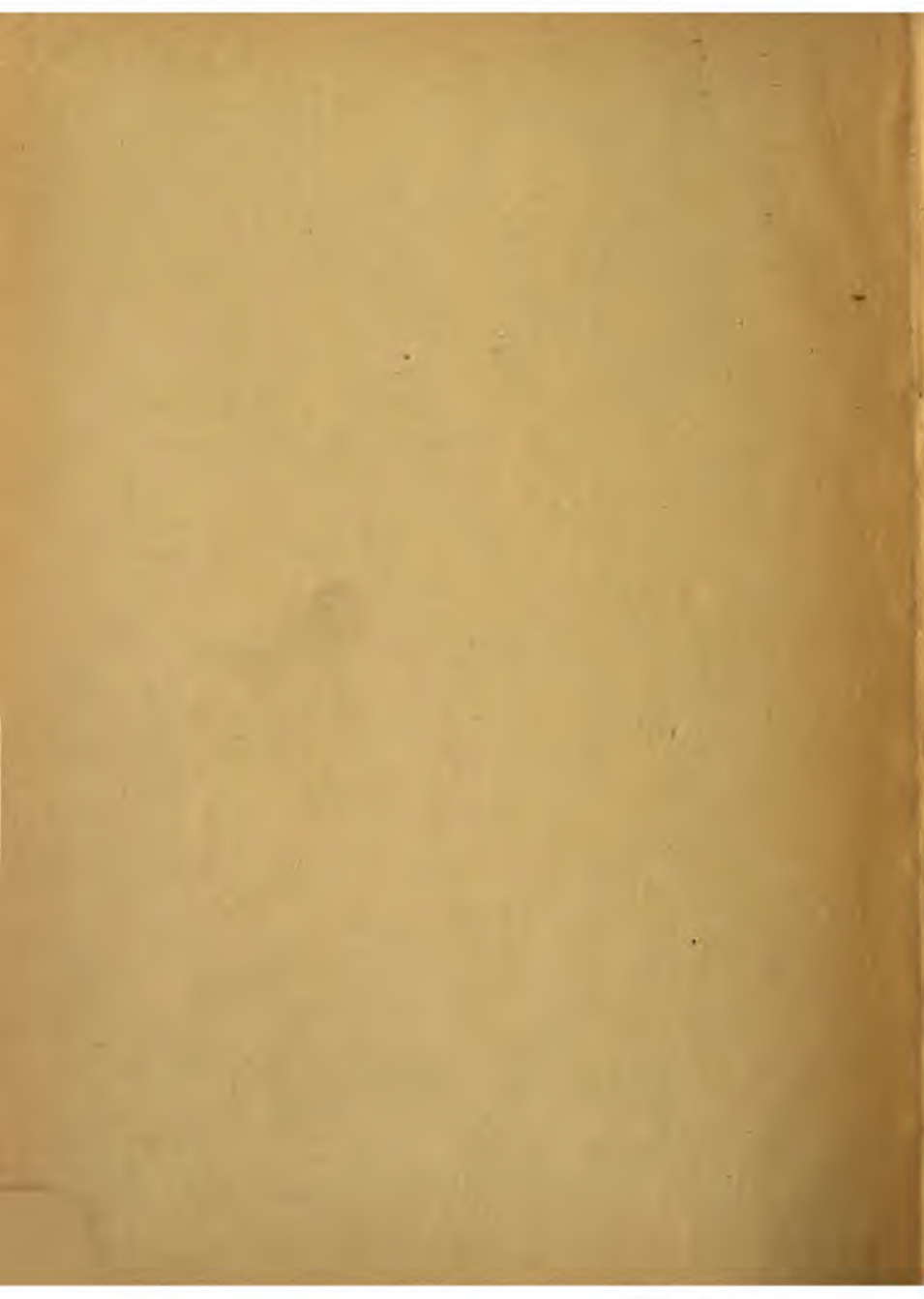












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